THE PET ANNUAL

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THE PET ANNUAL.

THE PET ANNUAL.

NEW YORK,

PUBLISHED BY GEO. A. LEAVITT.

THE

PET ANNUAL,

A

A GIFT FOR ALL SEASONS.

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

EDITED BY

EDWARD B. FELLOWS.

NEW YORK.
GEO. A. LEAVITT, PUBLISHER.
No. 8 HOWARD STREET.
1869.

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PREFACE.

In presenting this work to the public, the editor feels that no apology is necessary. As one of the school officers for several years, he has been active in his exertions, and at all times taken a deep interest in the prosperity and welfare of the Public Schools of this city. With the assistance and co-operation of his associate school officers, he has endeavored to place these schools in a position, to not only command the support, but the confidence and respect of the community; and by doing away with what little prejudice there may still linger in the minds of a few against these noble institutions, place them where the blessings of education can be honorably conferred upon the immense number of those who, without them, might be left to grope their way in darkness and ignorance, to a contemptible manhood and miserable old age.

His conection with them has furnished daily illustrations, not only of their immense practical importance and great utility, but, placed as they almost uniformly are, under the care and management of able and efficient teachers, that mind, intellect, and genius, is not only possessed and strongly developed, but as well cultivated as in more popular institutions of education, and it is confidently believed their attainments and productions will favorably compare with those of the more favored

children of fortune, who have been educated in the higher Seminaries of learning.

The productions of maturer intellects, and those educated under more favorable circumstances of fortune or birth, find their way to the public eye, through the medium of the daily press, and the thousand books and annuals every year sent forth from the hands of the publishers; and in proportion to the meed of praise bestowed upon them, the encomiums they receive, do they find encouragement and incitement to renewed efforts and fresh attempts. But the pupils of our Public Schools have heretofore found but little to encourage them to personal efforts, to continued and incessant exertion. At home, out of the school-room, in the every day walks of life, they have no tutor or governess, to train their intellect, to direct the current of their thoughts and feelings, to encourage them in the exercise of their intellectual faculties. It is to give them this slight encouragement, to present their claims to the public, as well as to show how much and how far they have benefited themselves by the advantages they have had, and furnish additional evidences of their capacities and attainments, the editor has taken upon himself this task; and if he can succeed in some small degree in contributing towards elevating the standard of these schools in this city, and place them in their true position before the public, he will be abundantly rewarded for all his efforts.

It is necessary here to state, that the project of getting up this book was but recently thought of, giving the writers but little or no time to prepare pieces for the work: very few of the articles contained in this volume were written for the work, or with a view even of their

publication. They have been selected from among many others in the different schools, and are presented as originally written by the pupils themselves, without any material alteration, save and except the bare correction of those slight errors which oftentimes mar the compositions of older and more experienced writers; the *thoughts and the modes of expressing them are theirs.* The object has been more for the purpose of showing what *is done* by the pupils of these schools and the kind of instruction they receive, than to show what *can be done* by them if time should be given for preparation.

The editor is fully of the opinion, if all the pieces had been prepared by the pupils themselves for publication, or had the inducement been presented to them of having a place in a work like this, he would have been enabled to present to the public many pieces of composition of merit, surpassing perhaps, any contained in this volume. And he very much regrets that he had not more time given him to select, arrange and prepare the work for the press. But should this effort meet with such encouragement from a generous public as to secure the publishers against loss, he will endeavor to make such arrangements with both pupils and teachers, at some future time, as will enable him to present the public another year, a more perfect, if not a more acceptable volume.

As to the merit of the pieces selected and appear in the work, it may not be necessary to speak; the fact of their publication is sufficient to show the high estimation in which they are held by those interested in placing this work before the public. It is however confidently believed, that, although every piece has been composed by pupils whilst attending the Public Schools, and form

a part of their school exercises; and whose ages are from seven to sixteen years, they will be perused with profit and satisfaction by all, and found far superior to any thing that might have been reasonably expected. With these few remarks it is respectfully submitted.

E. B. F.

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THE PET ANNUAL.

THE RESCUE.

BY MISS JULIA A. TYSON.

Of all the nations that have peopled the earth, and who have gradually faded away and sunk into comparative nothingness, none are more deserving of our pity and admiration than the Indians. It cannot be denied that they were brave, and when first seen by white men, noble. Who taught them deceit and treachery? Were not the first white settlers treated by them like brothers? Was not the calumet of peace extended to them? Who was the first to cause the shrill war cry to resound, or the tomahawk to be dug up, or the scalping-knife to be dipped in human blood? Who insulted, oppressed, and cheated the Indian till he became a hater of white men? Ask History! It can tell. I have ever looked upon the Indian with respect, and that

feeling has not decayed, as they have retreated before the march of the pale faces, till but few remain, and those are but outcasts from their hunting-grounds, and the graves of their forefathers. To me their religion, rude and uncultivated as it is, is beautiful. I cannot give a more correct outline of it than by using the following extract:—"They worship both a good and an evil spirit—one to secure favor, the other to deprecate his vengeance. Their heaven is in the sweet south-west, where a balmy wind ever blows, and the sky is without a darkening cloud; where the forests are stocked with game, and the rivers with fish. There the aged warrior will never experience fatigue, or hunger, or thirst, and care will never come. The Indian saw a divinity in every thing—in the mountain cliff, in the cheering fire, in the blades of grass—the woods, wilds, and running streams, the stars and the sun—in the blue ocean, in bird, and bee, and blossom; wherever there was motion, being, or action, there, to him, was a spirit; his own beating heart and throbbing pulse spoke to him of a divinity. The Indian was ever firm to his faith; infidelity never clouded his mind—the gloomy shadows of scepticism were unknown to him."

Perhaps I take more than ordinary interest in the Indian from circumstances that to me are well known to be true, and which, if related to others, might be thought interesting. I have known that the Indian never forgets a favor, and though many insist, that as a race, they are cruel and revengeful, I can see many noble traits in their character, and when we review the treatment they received from our ancestors, we can not wonder that they have sworn eternal hatred to the whites.

A short time previous to the French and Indian war, my grandfather, an officer in the French army, was at the town of Albany. Those who are familiar with the appearance of Albany at the present time, hearing a description of it then, might be inclined to doubt its authenticity; if so, let them turn to history. "The town of Albany, situated on the Hudson river, was composed of two streets, one lying on the river, the other at the foot of a hill on which stood a fort intended for a defence for the town and surrounding country. The houses were surrounded by trees which shaded the porticos before the doors, which after the labors of the day was a resort for the inmates. The scenery around the town was mostly barren; above it,

a long stretch to the westward was occupied, first by sandy hills; then rose heights of a poor hungry soil, thinly covered with stunted pines. Yet, in this barren tract, there were several wild and picturesque spots, where small brooks running in rich and deep bottoms, nourished on their banks every variety of vegetable beauty; there some of the most industrious early settlers had cleared the luxuriant wood from these charming glens, and built neat cottages for their slaves, surrounded with little gardens and orchards, sheltered from every blast, wildly picturesque and richly productive. Those small sequestered vales had an attraction that I know not how to describe, and which, probably, resulted from the air of deep repose that reigned there, and the strong contrast which they exhibited to the surrounding sterility."

It was twilight; the inhabitants of Albany might have been seen sitting in their porticos, some at their evening meal, others talking, while the younger portion were engaged in play. A young Frenchman might have been seen walking in those 'charming glens" that the historian speaks of. It was unusual for the slaves to allow persons to walk there at nightfall, but the young man was known by all, and

allowed privileges that many foreigners did not enjoy. He was a young officer much beloved by his inferiors, and kindly looked upon by his superiors, who having full confidence in him, have assigned him the arduous duty of travelling on foot from Albany towards Lake Ontario, for the purpose of taking a survey of the land, for it was the intention of the French to establish forts from New Orleans to Lake Ontario. He was aware of the difficulties that would attend his journey; that he would be often in the neighborhood of hostile Indians, and of course thrown upon their mercy. He walked on thinking of his "sunny France," the home of his childhood, when he heard a scream. He stopped not to think, but started from whence the sound proceeded. By the last faint glimmer of twilight he saw a female struggling in the arms of two negroes. Quickly he was upon them, and levelled one to the earth, but did not escape the fury of the other, who in an instant seized hold of him; it was a fearful struggle, each contending for mastery; the negro raising aloft his hunting knife was about to plunge it into the young man's side, when a scream of agony burst from the lips of the girl, so loud and shrill, that the negro started and partly let go his hold—quick

as thought the knife was snatched from his hand, and a blow from Le Brun's sword laid him helpless upon the grass.

For a moment the preserved and the preserver stood motionless, so sudden had been the occurrence and terrible the result, that both were overcome by their own feelings. As the girl turned to thank him, Le Brun thought her a negress, but as the rays of the pale moon, just rising over the eastern sand hills, fell on her face as she knelt to thank him, he saw that she was a young Indian girl. How beautiful she looked! Her dark eyes grew brighter as she threw herself on the ground, and clasping his knees, exclaimed in broken English, "You have saved Loolah, the daughter of a chieftain, and you will have your reward. Your days will be many, and when you leave this earth, you will go to our happy hunting grounds and dwell with the Great Spirit forever." He raised her gently from the ground, and asked, "How she came there and, why the slaves attacked her?" "Come with me," she said, "and I will tell you all. I have learnt that a pale face can be generous, and I trust you though you are a white man." "But what will become of these bodies," said her companion. "Leave that to me," she said;

"follow me quickly." With light and hasty steps she sped across the fields, and as the moonlight fell upon her beauteous form and features, the young man gazed upon her, and thought that among all the ladies of the French court he had never seen one as beautiful as the Indian girl. After walking some distance into the country, they came near an old Dutch dwelling; as they neared the house, a huge mastiff flew out at them, but when he saw the Indian girl he gave a whine of joy, and drew fawningly to her side. They entered the door, and stepped into a room which was occupied by a Dutchman and his wife. They looked up as the girl entered, and betrayed no surprise at seeing her; but when they saw the stranger, they looked astonished, and without welcoming him, exclaimed, "Who is it?" "One who has preserved my life; let that be sufficient," Loolah replied. They said no more, and it would seem by the manner in which they obeyed her request, that she was to them an important personage. She seated herself at a table, and motioning the old woman to her, whispered something, which evidently surprised and grieved her, for wiping her eyes with her apron, she beckoned to the old man and they both left

the room. Le Brun seemed to be thinking, for he had not changed his position since he entered the room until the old man and his wife left it He then looked around the apartment; the lamp was extinguished, and the moon casting her fitful rays in its nooks and corners gave it a sombre appearance. The table at which the girl was sitting, and a few chairs, composed the furniture, while the huge fire-place was filled with wild flowers, which imparted a delicious fragrance to the room. The young Indian's head rested on her hand, and her long black hair, which in the struggle had escaped its confinement, flowed to her waist, entirely covering her neck and shoulders. While the young man was thinking of the strange circumstances that brought him there, the girl motioned to him to take a seat beside her.

"You will wonder," she said, "why I am here. My father is chief of one of the most powerful tribes in this state; a short time ago a quarrel commenced between our own and a neighboring tribe, and my father deemed it expedient to remove me to some place as a retreat from danger, as his time was too much employed to enable him to take proper care of me. My mother is dead, and I had no female relations, and the

women of our tribe had others to attend to beside me, and as I did not wish to be a burden to them, I consented to remain with Van Shaack, (the man that you have just seen,) who was in the habit of trading with our tribe, and for whom my father has done many services. I have been with them for some time, and have been in the habit of walking at a short distance from the house, but to night I was thinking of my home, and had wandered much farther than I intended. I was looking at a brook, and fancying that it was like one that flowed near our cabin, when those negroes sprang upon me, and had it not been for you, would have murdered me. How can I serve you, or what can I do to show my gratitude! I am far away from my nation and my home. My father I have not seen for four summers—were he but here, you would know how an Indian returns a favor; as it is, the prayers and heartfelt gratitude of Loolah are all your reward." "Think you, I ask for more," said Le Brun; "believe me I would have performed the same service for any one." "Did you not know who I was then?" "No, until I had released you from the negroes, I believed you to be either a white or negress, and it was not till I saw your face that I knew you were an Indian.

But I must away." "No! go not until Van Shaack and his wife return; in the mean while tell me where you are going, and what you are doing in a strange land, for by your accent and look I know you to be different from the whites I have seen?" "Did you ever hear of France and Frenchmen?" "Oh, yes," said Loolah. "I am a Frenchman," said the young man, "and am an officer in our army. I am appointed to travel from Albany to Lake Ontario on a secret mission; at the time I heard you scream I was thinking what a dangerous duty I had to perform, knowing that often I shall be subject to the mercy of the Indians and the wild beasts of the forest; you must imagine that I look on my journey with rather gloomy feelings, though by accepting it I please my superior officers, and stand a chance for promotion." "When do you start?" inquired the Indian girl. "Before two suns shall have set," answered he. "Visit me then to-morrow at nightfall, and I will give you something that will be a pledge of my gratitude, and may befriend you in time of danger. And now farewell, for I hear Van Shaack returning. May the Good Spirit smile upon you evermóre!" "And may our God bless you," said Le Brun, as he raised her hand respect-

fully to his lips and bade her a kind adieu. As he left the dwelling he saw the Dutchman and his wife entering by another door. He passed quickly from the house and started for the town. It was now near midnight; the moon was shining brightly, and cast her rays upon the town, which was in deep repose. It was with hasty steps that the young man trod the silent street in which was his temporary home. At last he reached the house, and finding his room, he threw himself upon the bed, fatigued in body and mind. He thought of the events of the evening, of his rescuing the Indian girl, of her bright eyes and beautiful form, of the negro he had killed, and the one he had wounded. He knew not what had become of their bodies, and now that the fever of excitement was over, he thought calmly of the deed; a "brother man" had fallen by his hands; he had slain his enemies in war but never committed an act like this. The image of the dead man rose before him; in fancy he saw the long knife brandished over him, and heard the heart-rending scream of the Indian girl; then he saw her kneeling at his feet, and heard her expressions of gratitude, and the thought came over him, "any one would have acted as I did; I have done no wrong; I

have only performed the duty of a man." He rose and removed his heavy uniform; it bore the marks of the struggle in which it had taken part, and for the first time the officer saw his coat was dyed with blood, and that it was his own, for from a wound in his arm the blood oozed forth and trickled down his sleeve. It was but slight, however, and bandaging it up he sought his pillow. In the morning he rose and walked through the town; he observed the inhabitants in little knots at the different corners conversing with great earnestness about something, and approaching one group he asked, "What is the matter?" "The matter," said a worthy inkeeper, "the matter is this, two of Van Tuzler's slaves have disappeared very mysteriously, no one can tell what has become of them; some imagine that they were murdered; others, that they have run away, which all of us agree in believing." "It is strange," said the inquirer; "when did they disappear?" "Since last night they have not been seen." "But come, neighbors, let's to our homes, there's talk enough in the other street without our further discussing the subject." The group separated, and the young officer returned to his dwelling. The time passed slowly until night came on, when

he repaired to Van Shaack's house. Arriving there, the door was opened by the Dûtchman, who motioning him to a seat, inquired what he had heard in town of the events of the night before. The Frenchman related all that he had heard, and he seemed to be satisfied, for going to another door he called "Loolah! Loolah!" and left the apartment. Loolah entered the room, and approaching Le Brun, seized his hand, and raising it to her lips murmured as her tears fell upon it, "My preserver;" at the same time seeing his arm bandaged, she inquired if he was injured. He told her it was a slight wound, but as she insisted, he allowed her to examine it; she left the room and in a moment returned, bringing with her some herb leaves, which she applied to his arm, and telling him it would heal it, took a seat beside him. She drew from a basket on her arm a beautiful Wampum belt, and bade him always carry it about him on his journeys. "If," said she, "in your travels, you are ever attacked by any of our race, don't fail to show this belt, even though the tribe might be hostile to mine they will respect you, for having performed a service for an Indian in distress, and will perhaps spare your life as you have mine." She also assured him if he met with any of her

tribe, they would recognize it immediately, and not only spare his life but conduct him to their chief. After speaking of the events of the preceding evening, the young man rose to say farewell; the Indian girl's last words—"Forget not Loolah! gratitude, everlasting gratitude, will ever make sacred Le Brun's memory; if we never meet again on earth, we shall surely in the home of the Great Spirit, where all will be peace, and love, and joy,"—dwelt long in his memory. He left her, and walked rapidly towards Albany; the next morning he was to depart, so welcoming his pillow he courted rosy sleep, where we will leave him.

After an interval of two months we again see the young Frenchman, no longer amid gay scenes of a city life, or by the side of Loolah, but far, far away amid the sublimely wild and picturesque scenery of the Catskill's. He had journeyed thus far without meeting any Indians, and as he approached the mountains he felt that he had overtasked his strength, and that he was weak and scarcely able to proceed farther. It was towards noon that he reached a sloping plain at the foot of one of the highest peaks of the Catskill's. The scenery around was grand and beautiful; in the distance were seen fertile

plains, with here and there a mound or hillock, which beautified the scene. Beyond him rose the mountains, looking as blue as a piece of clear sky, and hiding the clouds on their lofty peaks like the smoke curling over the head of an Indian chief at a council fire. Wearied and exhausted, Le Brun had thrown himself upon the plain, and listlessly gazed at the scenery spread before him. His head was resting on a moss covered heap of stones, and if not an easy, they were an acceptable pillow. His hat lay near his head, and his cane with a small bundle reposed at his side. As he looked forth on Nature and contemplated the scene before him, sleep stole over him. He dreamed he had returned to his native land and was roaming in the woods near his father's chateau, when feeling tired he lay down to rest. He was thinking of Loolah and his stay in America, when he imagined he saw a person approach him clad like the American Indian; his large and powerful form was enveloped in a heavy robe which passed over one shoulder and fell in sweeping folds on the other side; his long black hair was thrown back from his forehead, ornamented with porcupine quills; around his neck he wore a small cape, made of deer skin, and adorned with

shells and beads; in his hand he carried a gun, which, as Le Brun attempted to rise from the ground, he raised as if to strike—one piercing shriek, and he awoke—but what an awaking! better that he had dreamed on, for before him stood the savage he had seen in his dream. As the Indian raised his gun to strike what might have been the death-blow, his arm was caught by another savage even more powerful in his form than the first, but his face wore not the hateful expression and dark scowl of his companion. Le Brun was encouraged, and raised his hand as if to implore his pity; fortunately it was the arm that bore Loolah's gift. The Indian espied it, and dropping the spear which he held in his hand, exclaimed, as he took hold of his arm with frantic energy, "Where got you this?" For an instant he was too astonished to reply, but thinking how much depended on his answer, said, "From an Indian girl called Loolah, whose life I saved." "Where?" said the Indian. "In Albany. She was living with a man by the name of Van Shaack." "It was my child—I am her father! Leave us," he said to the Indian who stood by him. As he stood before him, Le Brun had an excellent opportunity of seeing Loolah's father. He was dressed

the same as the other Indian, with the exception of his robe being larger and entirely covering his form. His hair was completely shaved off, and his head was ornamented with feathers and quills. He sat down by Le Brun's side, and asked him, who he was, where he was going, and how he came to save Loolah's life? Le Brun answered all his questions, and at the request of the savage promised to return to Albany, as he informed him that war had been declared, and that it would be very dangerous for him to attempt to travel further. He was conducted to a cabin by the Chief, and for two months treated by him as a brother; at the end of that time, Loolah's father furnished him with a guide, who escorted him to Albany, where he found his superior officer, to whom he gave an account of his adventure, and who advised him, as his health had become very delicate, to resign his commission and return to France. After once more seeing Loolah, he did so; but during the rest of his life he never forgot the Indian girl, or the manner in which he was treated by her father.

When I was but a child, with his own lips he related the story to me, and bade me judge not too harshly of the poor Indian. I have never

done so, and if this little story will palliate any of the crimes long laid to Indians, and make them more worthy of the reader's admiration, the desire of the writer will be accomplished.

Ward School, No. 10,
Fourth Ward, No. 19 & 21 James St.

SPRING.

BY MISS CATHARINE BLANEY.

All hail! sweet Spring thou comest
Laden with joy and mirth,
And on thy wings thou bearest
The choicest flowers of earth.
The birds in lays of gladness,
That banish all the gloom,
Are teaching man that sadness
Is not beyond the tomb.

The flowers are brightly blooming,
On every hill and dell;
That earth's put off her mourning,
Gay Spring is here to tell.
And oh! how sweetly smiling,
Is ev'ry thing on earth,
No more the birds are pining,
All, all, is joy and mirth.

Ward School, No. 10,
Fourth Ward.

THE PLANET NEPTUNE.

BY CORNELIUS MEEKER.

One of the most interesting and wonderful discoveries ever made, is that which is known in the scientific world as the discovery of the new Planet Neptune. This body has been found to exist, during the past year, in the region of the heavens beyond the orbit of the Planet Uranus. The process by which this astonishing and wonderful development has been made, is both curious and interesting. Previous to this discovery, the most remote planet in the solar system is that known by the name of Uranus. It is sometimes called Herschel, in honor of Sir William Herschel, who discovered it in the year 1781. The distance of this planet from the Sun is about 1,800,000,000 of miles.

Astronomers, by repeated observations made on this remote body in its revolution around the sun, perceived that it deviated considerably from its regular path, or main normal track. This circumstance led to the supposition that there

was some unknown body exerting an influence upon it in that part of the heavens beyond the orbit of Uranus, which caused these perturbations or disturbances. In what manner was this disturbing influence to be ascertained, was the important question, which for a considerable time past has occupied the minds, and engaged the attention of the greatest astronomers in the world.

Where the distances are so immense, it would seem almost a hopeless task to undertake to ascertain the situation of the body which, it was supposed, caused these perturbations. It seems, however, that this difficulty, great as it was, did not prevent the accomplishment of the object. Two astronomers of the Old World, one by the name of Adams, of London, the other, Le Verrier, of Paris, unknown to each other, undertook the calculations of the elements of the supposed planet. They obtained accurate tables of the deviations of Uranus. From these, and the other data that necessarily entered into the computation, they made a calculation as to the size of the body, the quantity of matter it must contain, and its distance from the Sun, which would be required to produce these disturbances in the Planet Uranus. They prosecuted their calculations with diligence and deep

companionships and dreams of innocence, ever gay as the colors of the prism, but now, alas! fled forever. No longer do the peaceful delights and simple desires of childhood satisfy; but we thirst for fountains of consuming water, for light that dazzles but to lead astray, and we wonder that we are not placid and happy as in by-gone days.

The same transfering influence beheld the pyramids planted in the desert, and heard the wild tremulous music of "Memnon," as the mellow rays of morning flashed on his majestic front, and rushing down the shadowy slope of ages, has written on these monuments (seemingly as lasting as the sky-piercing mountains) immutability.

The rise and fall of nations—the transmutation of the races—the iron or golden eras—the birth and burial of arts and sciences, attest the same power; the years roll by us garmented with the seasons they have ever worn—the brooks murmur on in their valley courses—the trees wave upon the mountains, and rolling rivers answer back to thundering ocean, as in the morning of Creation.

Our lives and their creations are all that are changed; we grow old, and chide the immuta-

ble current that bears us on. We change by a wise and beautiful ordination. Earth would cloy us were it eternal, flowers lose their perfume, friends cease to delight us with their presence, and we should long to fly away, and be at rest, for wickedness would have deluged the earth.

Change and variety imparts new loveliness to nature. Childhood is beautiful; so is calm, ripe old age. The spring-time of our existence is a gladsome time, but who would not enjoy the summer glories of life?

Satisfaction belongs to both, and the intermediate space between, if we would see it, is strewn with delights. Life, death, and decay flash across the vision; but *Time*, the element in which all things move, is unalterable; it changes all things, yet gives nothing to annihilation. Process after process may alter the position, but not a solitary particle of nature has ever been lost.

We are apt to make ourselves the world, and become immortal in our own conceit; our perception of things becomes blurred and dim, and we forget that our own altered senses produce many changes. But even these are unimportant; how quickly does the most eventful career terminate!

Time leads to eternity, years on earth, and they not certainly are ours; years lie in prospect before us; and shadows of years in reflection behind us—a short voyage between memory and anticipation, and what is there left?—a silver cord is loosed—a golden bowl broken—a pitcher dried at the fountain—a tear—a sigh for the loved spirit—and—

"Earth that nourished thee shall claim
Thy growth to be resolved to earth again,
And lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon."

Ward School, No. 5,
Eleventh Ward, corner Stanton and Sheriff Sts.

THE SUICIDE.

BY STEPHEN H. WEED.

The other day as I was passing through a street in the upper part of the city, I saw a crowd assembled around the door of a miserable building. I entered, and God grant that I may never witness another such a scene! In a dark, damp room, without a particle of furniture, (if we except a bundle of straw,) in one corner lay a man, his head hanging over a pail, which contained his life blood; and in his hand he still held the bloody knife with which he had ended his life. His throat was cut from ear to ear; and he had just breathed his last. It seems to me that I can never forget the expression of that face. I have thought of it by day, and it has haunted me in my dreams at night. Scowling and dark it appeared, as if all the worst passions of human nature were gathered there. Upon inquiry, I learned that the poor man was an Italian, twenty-seven years of age, and addicted to intemperance. What a history that last word

told—Intemperance! What heart does not thrill with horror at the thought of a man rushing into Eternity with his own blood upon his soul? Who can think without shuddering of the death of the suicide? As I looked upon that lifeless lump of clay I could not help thinking of what it might have been. This poor wretch was perhaps endowed with talents which, if well directed, would have made him honored and respected by his fellow men. Instead of dying by his own hand, pitied and despised, he might have gone to his grave blessed for the good deeds he had done during life; but he was poor, and he sought to forget his poverty in the intoxicating cup, which, instead of relieving, increases tenfold his troubles, and at last, wearied and maddened, sick and tired of life, he dies, ignobly dies by his own hand, and stains his soul with a self-murder, for which there is no repentance.

> "He dies, with the dull worm to rot,
> Is buried, and for ever forgot."

As I passed out into the free and open air of heaven I felt relieved, and walking on a little further, I saw a grand and solemn pageant. There is death here, too, but how different! Here a long line of mourners filled the streets. They en-

tered a splendid church; I followed; and as I heard the sad requiem for the dead slowly and mournfully chanted, I felt how solemn was the scene. A rich man had died. How much meaning those few words contain! Here are the remains of one who became old and grey-haired in the pursuit of riches. He became the wealthiest man in our country; but did his wealth secure him from death? Ah, no! he died, and "the mourners filled the streets." Then I thought what a contrast I had in one short hour witnessed! One rushes into the presence of his Maker, a self-murderer, in the very prime of manhood. Another has been seized by Death, and unwillingly has yielded up his spirit to the God who gave it. One was in life poor, and in his death despised; the other was immensely rich, and (for his riches) honored. One will rot between four boards of pine; the remains of the other are held by costly mahogany, with gold and silver platings. One is thrown into Potter's field, the burial-place of the poor and friendless; the other descends into the grand and costly tomb, his wealth has purchased for him. Both will appear before that mighty Tribunal before which all mankind shall come. Yes; the millionaire and the suicide will appear

at the same bar, and be judged by the same merciful Father who knoweth the secrets of all hearts. Then, as I returned home, I thought that it was good for us sometimes to witness the dark and despairing sides of human nature; for though the suicide in that cold, dark room was a most awful and revolting sight, yet it should teach us a great moral lesson—that of humility. As we look upon that cold form, but an hour since endowed with life and motion, let us not judge too harshly of his conduct, or his motives, for he has gone to his final rest. Let us not be too boastful of our own strength of mind to resist temptation, (for it is surely a temptation, when a man becomes sick of life, to end his cares by death,) for we know not but, if we were situated as he was, our conduct would have been the same. Although we should consider suicide as an act of the greatest cowardice, yet he who commits this act is truly an object of pity. He rushes into Eternity, violating a great commandment of the God who gave him breath—"Thou shalt not kill." Let us follow the examples set us by the virtuous and good, shun every appearance of evil, and pray that our end may not be that of the suicide.

FLOWERS.

BY MISS MIRIAM BOYD.

Our benevolent Benefactor, to enliven and beautify this earth, planted flowers of sweet perfume and elegant appearance in its faithful bosom. Who can look abroad upon the face of Nature, clad in all its beauty, covered with flowers of every shade, and not feel a sensation of joy arise in his breast; and who does not desire that the zephyr breeze, that gently fans the flowers, may waft a tribute of gratitude to his Maker, for this most beautiful of His gifts?

The Rose, the queen of flowers, stands uncovered as if proud of its superior beauty, while peeping from the mossy hillock, the modest Violet is found. The Tulip, clad in a kingly robe, appears in a commanding attitude, and the Primrose—the first-born daughter of the Spring—is content with the humble vale. When stern Winter is at hand, the fragile flowers fold up their tiny leaves and droop, covered with the fleecy snow; but the root of life is there to start

forth with increased vigor, when the warm sun of spring shall again penetrate the inmost recesses of vegetation, thus teaching us this most beautiful lesson of the immortality of the soul. How should we adore that Invisible Being who watches over us with a father's care! Who makes all nature to smile upon our path;—who hath given us sight to behold the wonders of his creation, to gaze upon the beautiful flowers that enliven our sphere! But not alone did God our Father make the flowers. Like all His inimitable works, they serve the double purpose of revealing His perfections and blessing mankind. Who can calculate the influence of the flowers upon the lives and characters of men, or who enumerate the lessons of wisdom, humility, and love inculcated by these bright children of the cold dark earth?

Flowers are very rarely found in a state of cultivation round a tenement in which the lowest class of persons reside. This subject has been traced through the histories of the nations of the earth; and wherever a taste for flowers has appeared, a certain degree of refinement of manners exists. It is only in civilized countries that a true appreciation of these most beautiful objects of Nature manifests itself. None ever saw the

savage training the tender vine, or watching the unfolding leaf, or the bursting bud. O! if he could be made to love and care for these sweet lives, would there not be kindled in his bosom a kindred love for his brother? Would he not learn tenderness of heart from these gentle lives, and be no longer savage? How peaceful and yet how beautiful is the life of a flower! No guilt to wipe away—no fear to quell—no sickness, pain or sorrow with which to contend. I would that I might thus live in the full, free light of God's smile, to elevate, refine, and beautify all around me, and pass away as doth the sweet flower, while watched by loving eyes:

"A lowly life like thine, sweet flower,
Let such to me be given;
Mine eye, unseeking pomp or power,
Like thine be fixed on Heaven."

Ward School, No. 13,
12th Ward.

ON WAR.

BY SAMUEL T. RENNE.

Of all the evils of mankind, war is the most destructive. Let us for a moment imagine two nations sending forth their armies to meet in deadly conflict. Their lines are drawn up in martial array, the arms glittering in the sunbeams while each one silently awaits the charge. How many standing there in health and strength, are soon to be cut down, and slain, and their bodies left to moulder upon the field of battle!

But hark! The cannon's roar is heard, and while the smoke rolls upward in thick volumes to the sky, the shrieks of the wounded and dying sound dismally upon the ear.

How many have left their homes, their wives and children, parents and friends, to die upon the bloody field of battle! Wives have been made widows, children have been made orphans, and parents have been made childless by means of war. Nations should not engage in war unless in defence of their liberties.

Ward School, No. 16,
Seventh Ward.

LIBERTY.

BY HENRY MARTYN HULL.

Liberty is freedom from oppression. The land where liberty dwells is blessed of God with greater happiness and prosperity than that where oppression is the heart and soul of the government. Where a monarch reigns, I care not how little power is given him, nor whether he claims to rule by divine or any other right, liberty is not there. The very essences of wealth and human happiness (freedom of conscience and freedom of the press) are not found there. The land of liberty is always a refuge for the oppressed and down-trodden of all nations. It is the abode of freemen, who are ever ready to succor all whom tyranny has driven from their native land. Our own country, the United States of America, is one of those lands where liberty of every kind dwells. Liberty of conscience and the press, liberty of thought and of speech, and see how it has been prospering for years, and is likely to prosper for many years to

come. A man in this land of freedom can serve God in any way he likes. The press is free from governmental restrictions, and is ever ready to speak in thunder tones for the people's rights. Americans broke the chains which the mother country endeavored to put upon them. They are *free*, and will be *free*, as long as any live to perpetuate the memory of Washington, who has been well styled "the father of his country." France, which has long been oppressed by a king, whose sole aim was the ambition of keeping his family on the throne for many years, has been hurled from power, and the French nation is now free. Liberty has set up *her* throne there. May it ever stand, and may tyranny or oppression never set foot on her fair shores again. France but led the way, and now all Europe is being revolutionized, and God only knows what the result may be; but we indulge the fond hope that Liberty, Equality and Fraternity will gain the ascendancy, and tyranny, misrule and oppression be hurled from the face of the earth—may liberty dwell there as long as time shall last. What a glorious period will that be when all shall dwell in Fraternity, and Tyranny shall be trampled in the dust! Our own country is often styled the birth-place of Liberty, the land of

freedom, and of equal right rights. The arts and sciences are here cherished. The inventions which the ingenuity of man has brought forth are encouraged; and the education of the youth of our country receives the requisite attention necessary to fit them as recipients and perpetuators of that glorious inheritance bequeathed to us by the blood and treasure of our forefathers. What is the fame and glory of monarchs, kings and despots, when compared with the natural and inalienable rights of their subjects. Liberty, and the land of Liberty, is the land for me.

Ward School, No. 20,
Fifteenth Ward.

DISTRESS FOR RENT.

BY JOHN MCNESPIC.

GEORGE and James Martin were schoolmates of mine. They used to live in a house nearly opposite to my own home, and I therefore became more intimately associated with them than I did with my other schoolmates. In our journeys to and from school, we were companions on almost every occasion. We studied together, counseled, planned, and played together; and thus, for a year or more, we were inseparable friends. They had a sister—"Little Kitty," as I used to call her—an artless, black-eyed, romping girl, who often joined us in our less boisterous amusements. Then, there was another sister—a dear little round-faced babe,—whom I never could approach without finding, in me, the desire to kiss her perfectly irresistible. She always had such a sweet clean face, and she always looked so tidy in her dress. How fond the mother was of her children, and how well that fondness was reciprocated! I was a very little boy then,

but I well remember how I often wondered, why I could not be a brother of George and James. I loved to call for them in the morning, on my way to school; I loved to see the mother kiss them so affectionately, and to see their arms twined about her neck, and see them kiss her in return. "Little Kitty" was always a participant in these morning separations; and so, too, was the babe that talked with her eyes, as she danced in her mother's arms.

The Martin family were poor: that is, they possessed not a superabundance of this world's goods; and yet it would have taken a keen eye to have detected the actual condition of the family, for they always wore the garb of happiness, and in truth, they were happy. They always had an abundance of the necessaries but none of the luxuries of life. Mrs. Martin had the admirable tact of making the most useful disposition of small means. Mr. Martin was a man I rarely saw, as he betook himself to business while I was still in the world of forgetfulness; and he returned not till the shades of evening had fallen upon the land. He was employed in a responsible capacity in a mercantile house, largely engaged in the Mexican trade. I have heard it said, that misfortune in business

had placed him in his narrow sphere, and that he was appropriating the greater portion of his salary to wipe out pecuniary obligations incurred some years previous. A man of more application to business could not well be; one more fondly devoted to his family I never saw. In this manner, time stole away; the spirit of love was the spirit that presided over and filled the hearts of that excellent family. Perhaps, I had been the school companion of George and James Martin for a year, at least. I had daily witnessed their happiness in their own homes, had noticed their cheerfulness at their plays, and in their studies. So the "wheels of time went around" and I never dreamed it could be otherwise. But the hand of adversity was raised, and it fell with dreadful havoc. Oh! what changes a short moment may produce! How a scene of peace and comfort may be turned into one of tears and painful solicitude! Oh! the instability of earthly things—the mockery of human plans! Returning from school one day, we observed in front of my friend's house, a crowd of people gathered, some conversing in low tones, and some gazing pitifully at the house. The story was soon told. At the foot of one of our commercial piers, Mr. Martin, in jumping from

one vessel to another, fell into the water, crushing himself in the fall between the vessels, as a wave brought them together. He was taken from the water in an insensible condition, and conveyed home on a litter. Poor Mr. Martin, it was a long while before he arose from his bed of sickness. His arm and several ribs were broken, and a fever setting in, he lingered along several weeks in a very precarious condition. What weeks they were of tears and solicitude, of daily care and midnight watchings, of hopes and fears, for the guardian spirit of that household! The brightness of her eye departed, the hue of her cheek faded, and she wore no longer her wonted cheerfulness. The boys, too, were less clean and neat in their dress; they never more joined in the sports of the neighboring boys; it was quite evident that a great change had come over the Martin family. "Misfortune never comes alone," and so it was in this case.

Anticipations of a rupture between the United States and Mexico, arising from the agitation of the proposition of the "annexation of Texas," produced a great deal of commercial embarrassment, and involved the mercantile house, in which Mr. Martin had been employed, in complete failure. What a blow this was to that

family! How it scattered their hopes and shattered their spirits! Want, absolute, pressing want, had to be gratified. Hunger, craving, gnawing hunger, had to be satisfied. One by one, the less necessary articles of furniture were disposed of to selfish, heartless men, at prices that makes the heart sick to think of. Days passed on, and as they passed, Mr. Martin slowly arose from a bed on which he had suffered mental pains—far more intense than any he had suffered of the body, intense as they were. His arm was supported in a sling yet, and his body was so prostrated, as made it painfully apparent that many days must wear away ere he could be himself again. Every day sunk them deeper into misery and destitution, as every day lessened their means of support for the following days. At last, it seemed as if the house was entirely deserted: hardly any thing remained besides the old table, a few chairs, and some minor articles of kitchen furniture, which were regarded as almost valueless, consequently nobody would pay anything for them. Thus far had Mrs. Martin managed with comparatively little else than food and medicines to set claims upon her purse; but at length the dreaded quarter-day came around, and with it came punctually

the hard-fisted, cruel landlord. Entreaties were of no avail; promises—the best that honestly could be made—were as ineffectual; the reality of abject want and sickness that stared him in the face, were not more successful,—these rather maddened his resolution to proceed to prosecute. It was a clear case to him of loss,—total, irrevocable loss, unless by measures, inhumanly severe, he extracted the quarter's rent from their very heart's blood. He raved and threatened, and threatened and raved. Three days he gave them—three days to wring from an old table, two or three old chairs, an old clock, three old cups and saucers, and some few articles of clothing, a quarter's rent. Three days; and, if at the expiration thereof his demands were not met, they were threatened with a home in the cold street. So he departed with an ominous shake of the head and a meaning repetition of "three days." One after the other, the three days hurried along, and when they had gone, the landlord came, as was expected. What change in the condition of the afflicted family?—Poorer! poorer! poorer!

This time the calculating landlord had brought with him the heart-hardened sheriff. An inventory of what? Could he have taken an inven-

tory of the heart's condition of that weeping family, of their long and silent suffering, of their deep distress, what a monster in human shape he would have been to have performed his civic task! But he did not read the condition of a single heart; he did not trace one moment's distress in the scene before him. He had been schooled to look upon misery such as this, as a trick to cajole, or as a case of every day business. The landlord saw only dollars, or the place where they should be. A home in the streets for the family was the only alternative. Tears, entreaties, poverty in its lankest form, were worse than useless; they tended to exasperate rather than assuage. "Why," (he exclaimed, at least a dozen times,) "did you remain in my house when you knew you had not the means or a prospect of payment?" Explanations and appeals were of no more effect than if they had been presented to the bare walls. Go they must, somewhere, anywhere, they could not remain in that house another hour. Their cup of distress was now indeed full to overflowing. At that moment a stranger entered the room—one ray of hope darted through the hearts of the afflicted—no one knew him, no one there recollected ever seeing him before; but he knew

the whole history of that family's calamities; he had watched with deep concern the progress of misfortune in that house of sorrow; he had followed, step by step, till the last, worst blow was about to fall; then he rushed forward to arrest the dreadful missive. That stranger was Mr. A—, a trustee of Ward School, No. —, the school which George and James had last attended. He had been struck with the frankness and honesty of the boys' manners; their studious and dutiful habits, and when he saw their seats vacant, for the first time, it was an occurrence that awakened his curiosity. He was certain "a most extraordinary event alone could have prevented the attendance of those boys." What was that event? How wonderful are the ways of Providence! His heart became enlisted in the story of the Martins. In secret he sympathized with them in their sufferings, and, in secret, he resolved to rescue them. Had he dared, he would have done so, when he first learned their history. This then is his errand. Nothing but money would appease the cravings of the sordid hearted landlord; and money, blessings be upon the philanthropy of Mr. A—, money did do it. Mr. A— became a daily visiter at the house of the Martins. The boys were again regular in

their attendance at school; the sun shone brightly, and hearts once more were warming with gladness. * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * *

Several years have elapsed since the events I have just recorded. There is now before me a letter dated in one of the most growing towns of the "far west." It is from my old schoolmate, James Martin. Perhaps an extract will interest some one—well, here it is: "We are quite happy here on our farm. Our last year's crop enabled father to wipe out the last of his pecuniary obligations; we have the farm all clear, and although we toil from morn till night, we enjoy with tenfold more zest than ever our repose, food, and brief recreations. My dear sister, (the one you used to call 'Little Kitty,') is peeping over my shoulder as I write. 'Tell him,' she says, 'that I am engaged to be married to Oliver A—, son of our early benefactor, him who was Trustee of Ward School, No. —; and tell him we will be so happy to have him here on the occasion of the marriage.' Mother says 'Little Kitty' is much too young yet, she must wait a year or two. But Oliver is one of our nearest neighbors; the intervals between his periodical visits are brief; and as he is a

great favorite of all our family, there is no knowing what may come to pass very shortly."

WARD SCHOOL, No. 1,
Twelfth Ward, 51st Street.

THE PRIZE.

BY MISS SOPHIA P. HAZEN.

OH! hand me quick the poet's pen,
And let me try to wield it;
There is a prize* they say to gain,
And let me try to win it.

But what's the theme on which to write,
It puzzles me to know it;
I fear I cannot gain the prize,
You know, I am no poet.

I'll gaze upon the twinkling stars,
Learn poetry from the skies,
And thus perchance shall win a theme
And thereby gain the prize.

WARD SCHOOL, No. 10,
Fourth Ward

* This piece was written "impromptu" in school some three years ago, on the teacher's notifying the scholars that a Prize would be given to the one who would write the best composition.—EDITOR.

THE SUN.

BY MISS ANNIE SELLECK.

O! come and view the glorious Sun,
O! come and mark his bright career,
As he his daily course doth run,
Enlivening nature far and near;
Causing the flowers to raise their heads,
And peep from out their mossy beds.

When from the East he gently sheds
His golden light, o'er hill and dale;
Nature with joy lifts up her head,
And gladness reigns throughout the vale;
The sun, the glorious sun is here;
O! come and mark his bright career.

When this great ruler of the day,
In other realms his course does run,
And leaves us—we in sorrow say,
Where is the bright and glorious sun?
The sun, the glorious sun has gone,
In other climes his course to run.

PUBLIC SCHOOL, No. 16, Female Department,
Eleventh Ward.

FAREWELL TO SCHOOL.

BY MISS CECELIA B. DAVIS.

The first of May is at hand, and a change of location will probably bring with it, to me, the grief of a change of school. No more shall I hear the voice of that beloved principal, who has so long led my footsteps in the path of science—no more join with those beloved classmates, who have risen with me, from class to class, in the attainment of that knowledge which gives character and usefulness to life—no more shall those voices with which my own has so often mingled, meet mine ear in the tones of harmony and love—no more those beloved teachers guide me in the works of ornament and art. I go among strangers, perhaps for weal, perhaps for woe, and mine eyes overflow at the thought of leaving those who my heart tells me have been friends, to go among those who may be the reverse; for alas! child though I am, I have experienced the reality of a contrast *such* as this. Oh! how little do those whose blissful occupation is that

of instructing and directing the minds of youth, know the joys on the one hand, or the sadness on the other, that pervades the mind of a child, as its teacher is mild, kind and gentle, or the contrary. Sweet School, No. 10! How much of the former I have enjoyed with thee! for as my willing footsteps approached each morn and noon, I knew I would meet the child's friend—the educated guide. May God bless them, and be with them for ever and ever, is my most fervent prayer.

WARD SCHOOL, No. 10,
Female Department.

PRINTING.

BY GERARD ALLEN.

PRINTING, one of the most useful of the arts, was first discovered by Laurentius Coster, of Haerlem. Walking in the woods one day, as was the custom at that time amongst wealthy persons, he diverted himself by cutting letters on the bark of a tree, and to please his grandchildren, he thought he would take the impression of them on paper. The experiment succeeded beyond his expectations; he and his son-in-law afterwards made wooden types, but for a long time they could only print on one side of the paper; their progress was also much retarded by the dishonesty of those whom they employed to assist them.

The first book which was ever printed in English, was done by William Caxton, a mercer of London, about the year 1450. Previous to this, Printing had been practised in Germany, with a German type called the black letter.

Before the invention of this art, books were

transcribed; this made them very expensive, and few persons, except princes and nobles, could afford to buy them.

Before the art of Printing was discovered, the price of one volume, or copy of the Bible, was five hundred marks, a sum equal to fifteen hundred dollars; this seems an enormous price for a book which we can now obtain for about fifty cents.

Printing at the present time is very cheap, and is performed very rapidly. News from a great distance, as soon as reported at the office, by mail or telegraph, will be printed and ready for sale in half an hour after it is received, and at the rate of one cent per sheet. This affords every one an opportunity of obtaining information with very little expense.

At the present time, by the aid of Printing, the poor man's child may learn the situation of countries, and the manners and customs of the people that inhabits them, and all that is going on in this wide world.

He can also acquire an education, which will enable him to fill the highest offices in the state.

Henry Clay, once a poor boy, was educated at a free school, and he is now one of the greatest statesmen and orators in the world. So was

Van Buren, Webster, and many others, who are justly ranked amongst the greatest statesmen that ever lived in any age.

The great philosopher Benjamin Franklin was a printer. There have been lately some great improvements in the art of Printing, which not only accelerates the speed, but also increases the number of copies printed, by means of which our daily newspapers are struck off with a rapidity, the very mention of which, would have caused our forefathers to anathematize us as perpetrators of the *grossest absurdities*.

And not in this branch of mechanical art only, do we daily see the improvement which can be made in the discoveries of preceding ages, but almost every other is daily coming nearer and nearer to perfection. Much, however, of all this, is to be attributed to Printing, without which, all advancement in the arts and sciences would be greatly retarded.

Ward School, No. 5,
Eleventh Ward.

APRIL.

BY BENJAMIN S. RAYNER.

According to the Almanac, this is the second month in Spring, and in some latitudes—as in Italy, Spain, the Southern States, and in some parts of England,—it is so; but in this State, and more particularly in New England, it is evidently the first month in Spring. It derives its name from the Latin word *Aperio*, to open; because the earth opens to allow the grass and plants to shoot up, and to receive the fresh seeds of the sower; because the rivers, lakes and harbors open to receive on their bosoms the innumerable craft of man; because the heavens open in frequent and refreshing showers which prepare the earth for the seedsman; in short, because every thing,—even the countenances of men, women and children,—seem to open in joyous anticipation of the pleasant season which is to follow. In itself, April is not indeed so agreeable, as in the charming promise it holds out. It is generally chilly, wet and muddy. It

is also very capricious: one day very pleasant, and the next, the very reverse.

However, April is a month in which we all take delight, either actual or in anticipation. It is the time for boys to fly their kites, and play at ball, and for this last reason, it is a *blessed invention*, as Sancho Panza said about sleep.

The first day of the month is distinguished by the name of "all fool's day," and affords lots of fun to all sorts of people, old and young. It has acquired this appellation from the universal custom of every body's trying to make fools of each other. In this, too, they are pretty generally successful in the morning, but in the latter part of the day, they become so marvelously wise that they will not pick up a purse for fear it should contain a *dead mouse*. Innumerable hopes are raised, and immediately blasted. Thousands of tricks are devised to entrap the more wary, but the wisest have to succumb. The day is one continued *joke*, and the best of the whole joke is, that every body takes it in good part, and quietly submits to be made a fool of, once a year, for the gratification of his friends.

Ward School, No. 2,
Seventeenth Ward.

THE BURNING BUSH.

BY MISS ANNA COOK.

Unerring Providence directs life's steps,
And guiding, influencing still,
Enables by an unseen power,
His pleasure to fulfil.
Through this, the son of Pharoah fled,
And left the halls of regal pride;
And by it was the shepherd led
Amid his flock to Horeb's side.

And now the way worn exile stands
Lonely, and sad he's musing there,
Grieving, that from oppressive hands,
Israel should such bondage bear.
A flame! a blaze! a voice he hears,
That tells him "Come not hither nigh,"
O'erwhelmed with shame and guilty fears,
He hideth from his Maker's eye.

But stay! no voice in angry sounds
Consigns him to a yawning grave;
'Tis mercy speaks, 'tis love abounds,
And God appears *to bless and save.*
So, often when we dread as nigh
The lowering storms of grief and sadness—
Could we but look beyond the skies,
Our woes would end in joy and gladness.

Ward School, No. 5,
Eleventh Ward.

THE YOUNG WANDERERS.

BY MISS CAROLINE SMITH.

It was evening. I was seated by my window, gazing upon the heavens, which were studded with stars, some large and brilliant, others small and faint, and thinking of the goodness of Him who created all things so wisely, and fancy pictured the immense beauty which those heavens shut from our sight; when my ears were saluted with such sweet sounds that I imagined at first they came from another world, but I was soon undeceived, for on looking down in the street, I perceived a little boy and girl, the former not more than fourteen, the latter not over ten years of age; the boy was playing upon a flute, the girl accompanying him with her voice. It was a Swiss air, and sung with such sadness that I could scarcely refrain from weeping. When the strain was concluded, the boy held out his hat for alms. I descended to the door, hoping to learn something of their history. I first put a piece of money in the boy's

hat, and then motioned them to seat themselves upon the stoop. I could observe traces of tears in their eyes, as if some deep sorrow had visited their young hearts. On inquiring into the history of these young wanderers, (which with great delicacy and kindness I questioned them about,) I ascertained that they were natives of Switzerland. Their father had left the year previous for this country, to arrange some business matters, by which he hoped to obtain a competency, leaving them dependent upon the care of their mother; but she was soon taken from them, and they were left alone in the world, without relatives or friends, except their father, and he in a distant land. Having no one to advise or direct them, they made up their minds to come to America, and find their father, if it were possible. Bidding adieu to their native land, they journeyed through France to the seashore, and took passage in a ship bound for New York, and after a long and tedious voyage, half dead with sickness and fatigue, they arrived in this great metropolis. Francisco, (for that he said was his name,) had been very fond of flute-playing when he lived among his native hills and mountains, and now he found that what he had played for amusement in Switzerland, he

might turn to some pecuniary advantage here. They had borne sorrows and disappointments innumerable, and my sympathy being aroused, I determined to protect them for the night. The next day they took leave of me, but not before promising to return and see me again. After leaving my roof, they resumed their wanderings through the principal streets until they found themselves in the upper part of the city.

Stopping before one of the beautiful houses which are so numerous in New York, they commenced one of their liveliest airs, although, poor creatures! their hearts were far from being gay; for the remembrance of the happy home they once had, their deceased mother, and of the father they were in search of, banished every beam of sunshine from their hearts, and left them sad and disconsolate. In the meanwhile a crowd had gathered around them. The air was one which he had often played at home, when the deep shades of evening had gathered around them, and they all sat together in the porch at the door, Francisco playing on the flute, his father accompanying him with his deep bass voice, his mother with her fine treble, and his little sister's sweet bird-like notes, mingling together and producing such an effect as cannot be described. Well

did Francisco remember it, and sincerely did he wish the scene had never changed; but the ways of Providence are "wonderful and mysterious," for while playing this air, a person dressed in the garb of a gentleman approached the group, perhaps attracted by the superior manner in which Francisco performed the piece, or the sweetness of his sister's voice; but, see! he stops, looks, approaches; again stops,—what does he mean by so acting? But notice, he goes to Francisco, speaks to him,—what does he say? Is your curiosity aroused reader, if so, we will gratify it; he asks his name. "Francisco D——." "Are you a native of Switzerland?" "I am." "Have you a mother?" The tears rapidly coursing down the little wanderer's cheek made an eloquent but sad answer to this question. "But tell me," said the stranger, after a few moment's pause, of your father. "Is he living?" "Alas! I know not; I hope and pray that he is—it was in search of him we came to this country." "Thy prayers are answered,—do you not know me, my children?" Oh! how joyous the meeting,—the children have found their father, the father his children.

We will not attempt to describe the scene, every parent and child can sympathize with and un-

derstand the feelings of the Wanderers and their father. Francisco, who called to see me a few days after this happy recognition, related the above to me. I inquired about his father's business and learned that though it had been the cause of his detention from the dear ones at home, yet it had been ultimately settled in his favor, and he had intended to leave New York for his own dear native home in a few days subsequent to the period when attracted by the well-known air, he had so fortunately met with his children. Ah! music—

> "There is in souls a sympathy with sound,
> Some chord in unison with what we hear
> Is touched within us, and all the heart replies.
> Wherever I have heard a kindred melody
> Tho scene recurs, and with it, all its gladness
> And its tears."

There was but one thing wanting to the happiness which now was their portion, this was the presence of the wife—the mother. But Pedro D—— tried to be resigned to the dispensation of Him who chasteneth. My story being ended, I will now give you the moral:

Children, remember your Creator; and if it should be your sad lot to lose an earthly parent, He will not forget you, but will be a Father to

you in the hour of darkness and trial. Murmur not at the ways of Providence, but consider all things as the will of God, and thus you find a ray of sunshine ever beaming on your pathway.

WARD SCHOOL, No 10,
Fourth Ward.

FRANCE—A REPUBLIC.

BY WILLIAM BLAIR.

All the nations of Europe are struggling to be free. The people of the Eastern world have endured oppression and tyranny long enough; they have now determined to assert their rights, and maintain an honorable independence. They have resolved to bear the yoke, which has fettered them to earth, no longer, and to establish their governments on republican principles. In this great work of reformation, France has taken the lead; her people had sent remonstrance upon remonstrance, petition after petition, for redress of grievances, but all to no purpose. The liberty of the press had been trammelled; rights the most sacred had been trampled in the dust; laws the most wholesome to the people, the most salutary to their morals, the most essential to the happiness and prosperity of the country, were refused to be granted; the right peaceably to assemble and give utterance to their senti-

ments upon questions of great national importance, was denied them. This last denial was the signal for their deliverance. It was at this period, and not until this, that the die was cast. Almost the whole French nation, as with the heart of one man, then struck for liberty. They rushed to the scene of action in such overwhelming numbers, and with such impetuosity, that they paralysed the efforts which had been made by the government to suppress their movements. They appealed to arms. They dethroned their king. They established a republic. All this was accomplished in the brief space of a few days; and what renders it particularly remarkable, it was accomplished with so little loss of life. This revolution, so sudden, so unexpected, and so important to the world, has caused the kings of the whole continent of Europe to tremble. If France had been unsuccessful in her struggles for liberty, the hopes and prospects of the people of other nations, who were longing and eager to be free, would have been crushed. But as France has succeeded beyond the hopes of the most sanguine, other nations have only to follow in her track. They can perhaps look through the darkness which obscures the present, and imagine themselves living under a

free government, enjoying the same rights and privileges as their sister France.

The whole continent is inspired with the spirit of freedom. Revolution is abroad in the land. The greatest nations on the earth are rocked and tossed by the billows of retiring monarchy. The reform has only commenced in France, but it is destined to spread from sea to sea, and from shore to shore, till it shall have embraced the whole habitable globe.

The American minister in Paris was the first foreign representative to acknowledge the new republic. This was done in a brief speech, setting forth the injustice and oppression of the former government; eulogizing the noble qualities of the latter; comparing them together, and showing how the French people had been degraded by their king, in his refusal to assent to their most reasonable demands, and that those demands were not deemed by his majesty as worthy of notice. Our minister represented to them that, by economical management in the new government, they might, at no distant day, become one of the greatest nations upon the face of the earth. He was replied to by Lamartine, the leader of the Provisional government, in a neat and appropriate speech—and, to show their respect for the

minister of this great nation, they accompanied him in procession to his hotel, singing all the way, "Vive la Republique."

I hope the time is not far distant when all nations shall become Republics, as happy and prosperous as our own beloved land. the "United States of America."

Ward School, No. 14,
First Ward

MERCY.

BY JOHN GALVAN.

Mercy is like the first beams of the rising sun to the weary and benighted traveller, who, having lost his way, was compelled to pass the night in some dark and lonely wood, where his life was in continual danger. It spreads the sunshine of happiness in its path, and whispers to the poor wretch whose heart has been hardened in the ways of vice, that there is yet hope and consolation left for him. In no way are its effects shown to better advantage than upon the field of battle, administering comfort and consolation to some fallen foe, who is enduring the excruciating pain attendant upon his wounds; when the angel of mercy, in the shape of some kind and generous enemy, who, instead of killing him, or putting him to more pain, takes him kindly in his arms, carries him to his own tent, and administers to all his wants. As the rain makes the fruit and flowers grow after a long and sultry day, so does mercy cause the poor

and wretched man to hold up his head and feel that he may yet be happy.

What is more noble or generous than mercy, with hope in one hand and happiness in the other, lavishing her kind and bountiful gifts upon the sick, the wounded and the dying, granting justice to the poor criminal who has been arraigned at the bar for stealing some trivial thing, perchance to satisfy his hunger? What is the valor or the discipline of an army, displayed in a succession of hard fought, well-directed, and victorious battles, unless it is characterized by this the noblest trait of the human heart? In comparison, mere nothing. Why, an army of men which fails to exercise this admirable quality, under all circumstances, are nothing more than barbarians. If this noble trait was unknown in the world, what, I ask, would become of the poor, the vanquished, and the unfortunate?

This world would, indeed, be like the fruits and flowers unblessed by sunshine or rain, or unaided by cultivation, as dreary and desolate as the tomb. The poor would be trampled upon by the rich, the innocent condemned with the guilty, the vanquished put to death by the sword of the ruthless conqueror, and last and worst of all, our magistrates caring only for self, would

be corrupted by the rich man's gold. Ought we not to be thankful for this the noblest element of our nature? Ought we not to exercise and develope it? Ought we not also to be thankful that the laws of our beloved country are dictated by the spirit of justice and humanity? It is not alone the recipient of mercy's bounty who is benefited; it is the man who bestows it upon others who is made happiest.

"Mercy is twice blessed. It blesseth him that gives,
and him that takes,
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes the throned
monarch better than his crown,
It is an attribute to God himself."

WARD SCHOOL, No. 19,
13th Ward, Broome St

LETTER ON NEWS.

BY MISS SARAH FRANCES MILLER.

Dear Amelia:—You requested me in your last to write of something new and interesting. Solomon said, "there is nothing new under the sun," but if he had lived in this, our day, where we have a "Sun" that "shines for all," though, at what price it extends its warmth, I will not say; or whether, like its great prototype, it pours its genial rays alike on poor and rich; and a "True Sun," to ensure certainty, whose scintillations are not only new but interesting, and, in many cases, embracing as much of romance as reality; and whose path in the political firmament is redolent with the light of its own orb; a "Herald," too, which eager to be first in the steeple chase for periodical fame, snatches the lightning from its course, and teaches it to speak the "latest news in advance of the mail;" an "Express," that pays its stated "morning and evening" visits to the homes of the antiquated; and a "Daily Post,"

slowly but surely traversing city and country; with a "Tribune," to which we may appeal on all points—temporal or spiritual, not forgetting the familiar, though somewhat aged worn visage of a "Commercial Spectator;" had he—that is Solomon, lived and been obliged, peering through his ancient spectacles, to peruse half the contents of these news-budgets, he would, I think, have doubted the correctness of his aphorism.

Hie! Hie! Sir Seer Solomon! if in your time "of making books there was no end," in ours, there is none of Newspapers and "extras," with as many etc. in the way of the "arrival of the steam ship Cambria at Bosting," as we hear the mischievous euphony of a news-boy's voice and his desires to handle the sixpennies of the verdant; can perpetrate or invent.

Nothing new indeed! the exception to the rule is now the other way, for you can't find anything that bears the mark of age except the philosopher's stone, and, if you can find that, it will be the newest thing that I wot of. So much for what is under the sun. What there is new above it, your generous nature will surely excuse me the task of revealing; for if Solomon, with all his wisdom, could find "nothing new under the sun," my limited sagacity will not be con-

sidered at fault, in not discovering what there is new above that luminary.

The latest news indeed! I own it is hard to tell its meaning or purpose; the oldest being still the latest; like the minister, who, having read his homily to his people, laid it by in a barrel, till he had exhausted his own and his neigbor's brains, and then, turning the barrel up-side down, renewed his labor with the perusal of the sermon which had lain at the bottom of the heap.

The latest news! Oh! my wits! I have it now! When Adam was a boy, paving stones were round, but the narrow tires of our modern chariots refuse to glide over their uneven surface; and choose, instead, to dole out their inharmonious rumblings upon the even blocks of Russ.

The latest news! I have it again! and this item will be the last, for I am sure the phenomenon will not occur again while Time has a single sand in his glass. A YOUNG LADY, who had spent a fortune and a life-time in the purchase of such innocent articles of the toilet as Hair Dye, Italian Soap for the skin, &c. and whose wrinkles betokened either wisdom or age, modestly, and with great frankness, admitted to a male friend, that she was out of her teens.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF A TEN DOLLAR PIECE.

BY MISS JULIA TOWNSEND.

My earliest home was in the Ural Mountains, on the northeast of Russia, where my days were spent in quiet repose. Little did I dream, when I saw the pleased countenance of the workman, as he carefully placed me in his bag, that I should be an actor in the many busy scenes through which I have since passed.

I do not know that I should now intrude myself upon public notice, were it not that I entertain the hope of being able to warn the inexperienced, and induce them to avoid the error into which I have fallen, and to which I trace all my sorrows.

As I before told you, I was found in the Ural Mountains. At no great distance from my resting place, flowed a stream of sparkling water; and it was to me an object of unequalled interest. It stole noiselessly amid huge masses of snow, until penetrating the chasm

above, it gurgled gladly near the strata in which I was imbedded.

Retired and secluded as I was, it may be thought that I was a stranger to the emotions of pride and envy; but, alas! I too have proved that evil propensities are inherent. They require but circumstances to develope them.

In this little rivulet, I saw by the rays of light, which came glimmering through an opening in the mountain, *lumps* and *grains* of gold, much smaller than myself, sparkling on either side of the water. Oh! how beautiful they seemed to me. As I watched them from my dark abode, I became discontented and unhappy; foolishly thinking that because they were the brightest, the most glittering, they must also be the *happiest*, and their situation the most desirable; and I longed for the time when I too, might sparkle in the sunbeam. My wish was soon gratified. After being conveyed by the workman to his employer, I passed through many hands, and underwent much suffering. Oh! even now I shudder, when I think of the dreadful ordeal through which I passed. To say that I was burned, beaten, and bruised, would give no adequate idea of what I endured. However, having borne it all, (if I

do say it myself,) with *unexampled magnanimity*, I came forth from the mechanic's hands, a massive chain. Oh! many a time have I danced in the ice palace of Catharine of Russia, entwined in the shining tresses of my mistress. Although I was now prized and valued very much, so much, that for many years I was retained as an heir-loom in the family, still I was unsatisfied; I was constantly wishing to be some other ornament, such as I daily beheld,—I *envied* them, and desired to be like them.

Again was I punished for my folly; and tortured almost beyond endurance, I came forth (to profit one would suppose by my former experience) a *beauteous bracelet*. Forgive my vanity, when I say, that I was beautiful!! Bracelets now are so different from what they then were, that I can scarcely give you any idea of what I was. It would not be telling half, to say that I hardly knew myself, emblazoned as I was with jewels. Now, thought I, will I *well-contented* rest; and for a time I was satisfied.

Oh! what scenes of beauty did I not then revel in; how many vows of plighted faith have I not listened to! How many hours of sorrow and suffering have I not beheld! How

many times have I not passed from those I loved, to strange homes and new owners! But enough! enough! those days have fled forever.

Would that I could say I was *now contented*, But no! I still imagined, were I differently situated, I would be happier.

Once more I passed through that fiery trial, and assumed my present form.

I am now advanced in years,—I have lost much of my youthful beauty, perhaps this is the reason why people do not keep me so long in their possession as they once did.

I have been constantly changing these last four years. I would settle myself in the drawer of a new owner, and just begin to feel "at home," when I find myself jingling in a money bag, and hardly know myself there before I am knocked and rubbed by a dozen keys in somebody's pocket—just snugly settled, away down at the bottom, when, chink! chink! chink! I am rattling in a *money jug*. Wearied and sick of change, I arrived at last in a broker's office in Broadway.

I was placed with other gold pieces in the window. Here I have remained quietly ever since, and, although unnoticed, sigh not for change; having learned by bitter experience,

that the true source and secret of happiness is content.

WARD SCHOOL, No. 5,
Eleventh Ward.

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

BY JOSEPH T. PIERSON.

As we have had philosophers and great men in every age, who have been extolled to the skies for their great inventions and discoveries —the invention of painting—the discovery of the wonderful property of the polarity of the magnetic needle—the converting of steam to the propelling of boats and carriages—the using of electricity for the conveyance of news from one city or state to another—and a thousand other wonderful things, they should have placed the Schoolmaster's name, who taught them the rudiments of education, at the top of the column, is the idea of your dutiful scholar.

WARD SCHOOL, No. 14,
First Ward.

TO MR. WM. B. BRADBURY,

TEACHER OF MUSIC.

BY MISS FRANCES Z. WENTWORTH.

And must we bid "Farewell,"
To one we've loved so long,
Shall we not hear thee tell
Of each loved cherished song.

In thy merry "Floral Choir,"
Shall we no longer meet,
And songs we still admire,
Can we no more repeat?

We oft shall think of thee,
While bounding o'er the main,
And wait with longing hearts
To greet thee home again.

Thou long hast been to us,
A teacher kind and true,
And we thy lays shall sing
Though absent from thy view.

For thee, day after day,
Shall prayer to heaven arise,
Bearing our wishes up
Like incense to the skies.

May God in mercy guide
Thy frail bark's course aright,
Until its snow-white sails
Again shall greet our sight.

Then from yon distant shore
We'll greet thee to thy home;
And may'st thou never more
From this thy country roam.

And now ere yet we part,
This little off'ring take,
Its precepts in thy heart,
Oh! treasure for our sake!

Oh! may it ever guide,
Thy feet in paths aright;
Thy thoughts, oh! may it lift,
To realms of holy light.

WARD SCHOOL, No. 1.
Fourth Ward.

NOTE.—The above was written on the occasion of Mr. Bradbury's leaving the school a short time before he embarked for Germany. The last two verses refer to a parting gift, (a splendid copy of the Bible,) made by the pupils of the school. The authoress was selected by her associates to make the presentation, and prepare an address suited to the occasion. This duty she performed in a most admirable and feeling manner, in presence of the whole school and several friends, who had been invited to be present.—EDITOR

VACATION AND COMMON SCHOOLS.

ADDRESS BY JOSEPH T. PIERSON.

Old father Time, with his scythe and hour-glass, has rolled back another year upon the countless ages that have passed, and brought us to the period of another Anniversary of our School Vacation. Another year has added to our stature, and we are pushed, with no will of our own, one year nearer to manhood. The smiling, cheerful faces around me give full assurance that the arrival of another season of healthful recreation and boyish sports, is hailed with a hearty welcome by us all. Our youthful, buoyant spirits partake of the nature of the green earth and vigorous herbage, running wild with luxuriant growth, receiving freshness from the kind hand of an overruling Providence.

To our Teachers, permit me to say, that although we may not fully appreciate all the useful instruction imparted to us, or give due credit for their kind care and watchfulness over us in our studies, yet we feel it to be our privi-

lege to unite in presenting warm and heartfelt thanks for their untiring vigilance in the faithful discharge of their arduous duties. Vain would be the expenditure of funds by the State, futile would be the efforts of the School Commissioners, in erecting buildings for educational purposes, unless competent, devoted Teachers should be found willing to bind their energies to the task of youthful instruction. The schoolmaster must be in advance of the age; dispensing ripe fruit to the ripest scholars; concentrating his abilities upon the best means of imparting the greatest truths in the happiest manner; encouraging the learner to more active exertions; training the youthful intellect to nobler pursuits; selecting with caution the best books, and imprinting on the minds of his pupils clear and well defined facts, founded upon deep scientific research; moulding the intellectual wax of youth to receive correct impressions from outward observation upon Nature and Nature's works, thereby enabling the learner in turn to become the teacher of his race; thus spreading seeds of literature and planting a hedge-row of public opinion in favor of education, until it shall be felt that without an education an adult is all but disgraced in the estimation of the community.

When we pause and consider to what high destiny our country may be brought by a judicious system of instruction diffused through all classes of its citizens, imparting a correct view of man as he is, and what he is capable of being made by culture, we hail with becoming emotions of pleasure and gratitude, the signs of the times, giving an earnest of their glad response to the ardent desires of many noble examples of devoted attachment to the cause of universal education. Wealth, honors, rank and place, all sink into utter insignificance when compared to substantial education, based upon the everlasting foundation of Truth.

Friends of learning, would you create a thirst for literature and the arts, look kindly on the Common Schools. Good citizens, would you preserve your offspring from the contaminating influences of vice and immorality, rearing them for usefulness, aid the Common Schools. Lovers of Liberty, would you transmit, unimpaired, the blessing, social and political, of our free government and its glorious institutions, give your support to the Common Schools.

From these must arise, in due time, the mass of men and women, who shall be the parents and guardians of the government and laws under

which we, as a nation, have thus far prospered beyond the precedent of any other people on the face of the globe.

Ward School, No. 14,
First Ward.

SONNET.

BY MISS CATHARINE BLANEY.

I oft have wandered o'er the hill,
Gazed at the setting sun,
And watched the little gurgling rill,
As through its bed it run.

But never seemed that sun to me,
As beautiful and bright,
As when I thought on Him who made
Its beauty and its light

Ward School, No. 10,
Fourth Ward.

THE ADVENTURES OF A CLOUD.

BY MISS MARY J. WELLS.

When the first radiant morn of creation dawned upon the then happy inhabitants, and they awoke beneath the benignant smiles of their Creator, I, with my companions, joyously hung over them, in fantastic drapery, gently gliding before the zephyr's breath, and rivalling in splendour the azure vaults of heaven, while the morning stars looked forth in amazement from the magnificent arch far above, and the sun, that splendid being of light, sent out its cheering rays, to enlighten the darkness of the earth. While in this exalted station, I perceived with transport, the happy and peaceful state of all created things; I looked down upon the first parents as they wandered in perfect happiness, unconscious of sorrow or fear, in the delightful garden of Eden—as they tasted the rich fruits which their beneficent Creator had provided for them, and breathed the refreshing gales that played about them. But alas! I was doomed to

see them driven from Paradise. I saw the entrance to Eden barred for ever to them, by the flaming sword of the Almighty, and *they* driven out to suffer the penalty of the holy law which they had violated, and their descendants scattered over the earth. Sin had entered the world and laid its withering trace on all that was once beautiful and lovely. All mankind had fallen into such depths of iniquity, that their Maker saw fit to destroy them by a universal deluge; and I descended from my lofty station to assist in forming it. Day after day my companions dropped in myriads into the deep; yet, faithful to our charge, we bore the precious ark upon our bosom, until it rested on Mount Ararat. When the waters were abated from the earth, I rose at the bidding of my Creator, to form the radiant bow of promise, the covenant between God and man. This was the most brilliant station that I had as yet occupied; I had always been a creature of change, now floating in the azure vaults of heaven, again rolling in the waves of the sea; but now I am an altered being indeed. When my companions around me have fallen copiously to the ground, and the king of day is seen bursting forth from them as a playful child, then I become visible to the naked eye; I spread my

wings, and triumphantly stand face to face, with my gorgeous colors, rivalling in splendor, the ruler of the day. In my airy flight I have seen the rise and fall of empires—I have seen all the good old prophets of ancient times, the tower of Babel, the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah. I have also seen the Saviour of mankind, his persecutions and hardships, his suffering in Gethsemane, his death on the cross, his resurrection and appearance to his disciples, and finally, his ascension to heaven. I have watched heroes from their infancy through all the vicissitudes of their lives. Long and sadly did I keep my silent vigils over him who fought for freedom and his country, and when taken from his bright career on earth, I watered with evening dews the willow that hangs over his peaceful grave. I have hovered over the tomb of that mighty man, who having conquered nearly all Europe, was doomed to die an exile in a desert Isle. I have explored the hidden treasures of the ocean, and revelled in scenes of pleasure unknown to mortal eyes. I have cast myself in robes of dazzling whiteness upon the earth in winter, and descended in refreshing showers upon the verdant hills in summer. I hover continually over the surface of the earth, and feel that I am to exist until the

end of all things; and when you look upon me in my primary, brilliant shades, unrivalled by art, remember that the end has not yet arrived; and that He who ruleth all things, speaketh through me, saying, "I do set my bow in the cloud, that I may remember the everlasting covenant between God and man;" and everything that He has created, and endowed with the blessing of life by his merciful hand.

PUBLIC SCHOOL, No. 16,
Eleventh Ward.

THE RECOGNITION.

BY EUGENE JOHN SULLIVAN.

On the western coast of France, about fifty miles north of where the Garonne pours its waters into the Bay of Biscay, stands the important town of Rochelle. At convenient distances from the town are several beautiful villas mostly occupied by the wealthier merchants of the port. One of these fronted the bay where, for a little distance south, ran a line of cliffs overlooking the rocky beach.

At the close of a bright day in the beginning of Autumn, at the foot of a path that extended to the shore from the villa which presented its neat front to the sea, stood a gentleman, upon whose arm leaned a beautiful lady, gazing pensively out upon the glancing bay. The sun had sunk far in the west, and his rays spread a broad path of gold upon its surface. A light sail-boat was here and there seen returning from the Chateau d'Obron, while far out beyond the island the faint outlines of a ship

were just discerned. Although the day had been quite pleasant, the careful laborer was preparing for a storm, and as the sun slowly disappeared behind a black cloud which lay in the west, the wind increased, and the tossing waves were whitened with foam.

Twilight came on, when the young man started, and glancing at the form beside him, looked anxiously homeward, and broke the silence which had so long continued—"Clara, the breeze is freshening, let us return;" and smiling an assent, his companion accompanied him towards the cottage.

Their accent and dress marked them as Americans, and the earnest gaze across the western wave was but the yearning for home, and thoughts of distant friends rendered them thus mute with sadness. They walked on in silence, when, on entering a shady avenue leading to the entrance of the cottage, a little boy, who was sporting at a short distance, exclaimed, "Father!" and ran eagerly to meet them. A tear glistened on William's cheek as he stooped to kiss his George.

William Mason was the youngest son of George Mason, of the firm of George Mason and Son, of New-York, though as well known in Rochelle

and the adjacent towns as where he resided in the United States. The father had begun business early in life, and noted for his integrity and strictness in business, and being cautious in all his transactions, no wonder that he met with success. He married at the age of twenty-five, a beautiful and accomplished young lady. Time flew on, and their two sons finally reached the ages of ten and fourteen.

The eldest he had named after himself, George, being four years older than William. Being the first offspring of two so admirably formed for each other, they vied in indulging him, so that when he arrived at this age, his wants grew into demands, and always tended to selfishness.

The discipline of a school was like chains, and a word of reproof was met with impertinence. A perfect tyrant to those who were not able to resist his importunities, his brother, as well as others, were often beaten for not complying with his wishes. This conduct had often brought him to the notice of the parents of the boys thus abused, who looked upon him always with mistrust, though respect for the father kept them silent.

William afforded a pleasing contrast to the

vicious aspect of his brother, and, as seems often the case, preserved the good qualities which the other so much needed. A modest disposition, united to an active mind, showed the position he would occupy. Mild, though firm in his manner, frank in expression, the honest portion of his schoolmates thought no game perfect without his presence; and when this sport divided them into opposite sides, the strife for "Will," as they called him, was quite earnest. If the weather was unpleasant, the moderate exercise of William was given up for study; but George neglected his lessons, and passed his time among his boisterous comrades.

Thus things had gone on for some time. The parents had noticed with anguish this growing evil, and could think of no remedy, when the *act* of *one* day determined the future.

George and William were on their way to school one morning, when they were accosted by a number of George's comrades who were going on a fishing excursion, who earnestly endeavored to induce him to accompany them. Their eloquence in describing the pleasure they would enjoy won upon him; the temptation was too strong, and William entered the school that morning alone. The day wore away, and

at the usual time William was at home; but the sun had set ere George returned. When reproved by his father he aggravated his guilt by falsehood, for which he was severely punished. Morning came, and as the boys passed out the door for school, he remarked aloud, "You will not whip me again," and slamming the door angrily behind him, disappeared in an opposite direction to that leading to the school. William again returned at the proper time, but George's seat had again been vacant, and though the evening meal was concluded, he was still absent.

Every thing was as comfortable as usual; no violent storm had occurred on the coast, but Mr. Mason appeared thoughtful; the conversation was not so earnest, and often some remark was broken off as an approaching step was heard, and the eyes of the parents involuntarily sought the door, and then glanced uneasily at each other as the step passed on. Sleep was banished for that night, and the earliest light was employed in a search for the truant. His companions were questioned, and his places of resort pointed out and visited; every means taken which parental solicitude could devise, but to no purpose; and when the father replied to the anx-

ious question of his wife as to his success, by a desponding motion of the head, she fell fainting in his arms.

A week passed in gloom and grief, when the father happened in the shipping office of a friend, who noticing his worn and dejected appearance, politely inquired the cause.

He briefly informed him of his loss. His friend inquired more particularly as to his son's person, and after listening to the description, he turned back several pages of a book lying on the desk near which they were standing, and pointing to the name of Henry Adams, exclaimed, "could that possibly have been your boy?" explaining by referring to the date, which was the same day he left his home, and the correspondence of description. But beyond this, all was conjecture, and time offered no explanation, until hopeless, and forced to relinquish him, they transferred all their fondness to the only remaining son, William; and well did he repay them for all their care and love. Early entering college, he was distinguished for his abilities while a student, and finally graduated with honor to himself and the institution.

One morning as his father was perusing as usual the morning paper, his eye was arrested

by an article headed "Heroism," in which, as he glanced through it, occurred the names of William and himself. Curious to know its meaning, he read as follows:—"Yesterday quite a scene occurred at one of our steamboat landings. It appears that a young lady, the daughter of a distinguished gentleman of this city, in passing to the steamboat, by some accident fell from the plank into the water. While all were motionless with consternation, a young gentleman plunged fearlessly into the element, and succeeded in supporting the almost inanimate form, until a small boat came to his assistance; and medical aid being procured, the lady was placed out of danger. We are happy to add the name of William Mason to the list of those who have exhibited true courage. He is the son of George Mason, a well known merchant in this city." The matter was explained by William, who entered just as he had finished it. No word of commendation passed the father's lips, but his very silence told his approval.

He now gave him a partnership in his business, and he was thus placed in circumstances of a more independent character. Soon after this he led to the altar Clara D——, daughter of

one of his father's most intimate friends, the lady that his daring had rescued from a watery grave.

Mr. Mason having an agency in Rochelle, and wishing William to visit the continent, urged him to visit France, and after inspecting his affairs at Rochelle, to travel at his pleasure. He had now been married nearly four years, and seventeen had passed away, and not even the slightest whisper of the fate of his wayward brother had reached their ears. And as William stood upon the shore (where we left him at the beginning of this narrative) and watched the solitary vessel as it rose and fell with the waves, while the angry cloud behind it was black with fury, a sudden thought of George came in his mind. If on the ocean, that storm might make him its sport, or, perhaps some tempest had already plunged him in his tomb.

As darkness came on the storm approached; the wind swept in angry howlings about the dwelling, while the roar of the dashing waters could be plainly heard; the rain struck heavily against the window, as remaining near it he endeavored to catch a glimpse of the scene without, aided by the lightning. At length a dazzling flash drove him from his seat, and his previous

thoughts of George returning, awakened an interest in the distant ship that was painful.

Yet what a sweet train of recollections does memory bring to us even in sorrow, and we find how fondly we have treasured up every incident of the past. The features of the long missing one are recalled, and he wonders if that brother could be recognized if he should chance to meet him? Can it be probable that the mark which the family have all considered as sufficient still remains? And well does he remember the incident which caused that scar upon the forehead.

They retired to rest, but William awoke at times to listen to the storm, and once a heavy sound like the distant roar of a cannon startled him, but, though he listened long it was not repeated, and he thought it was only the rushing wind. At length wearied, he sunk into repose. When morning broke he sought the shore. The storm was subsiding, still the water rolled with an unusual swell. His glance fell upon some object, and uttering an exclamation of surprise, he hastened on.

A group of dangerous rocks rose from the water opposite the cliff, and thrown high upon this dreaded spot, a dismantled vessel lay, with the waves rushing across the deserted wreck,

but all was still. A little further on he reached a lower place and the beach was spread before him. His gaze was now fixed upon the figures of two men apparently seamen; one seated upon a rock, looking sadly out towards the forsaken vessel, while the other lay stretched upon his face beside him seemingly insensible.—Around them were strown fragments of the wreck. A straggling cask, a misshapen bale, or broken spars, lay in confusion on the beach. Forsaking the beaten path, he clambered from point to point, and soon stood upon the sand. He hastily approached the seamen, and had arrived within a few steps of them before the sailor seemed to be aware of his presence, when hearing the rattling of a little stone, disturbed by the foot of William, he turned suddenly and fixed a keen black eye upon him. There was a something in the look and expression of that countenance that startled him, and a thousand thoughts flashed across his mind. But a second glance dispelled all the doubts which perplexed him. A deep scar extending from his eyebrow to the hair near the temple, like a shaded line across his forehead, gave a harshness to his features; that mark was not to be mistaken, and starting forward, he but uttered "George," as he em-

braced the weather-beaten mariner. A sudden flush suffused the face of the sailor, and as though still in uncertainty, he undid the clasp of William, and holding him at a little distance, gazed earnestly in his face, as if scanning every feature, then with a cry "'Tis William!" drew him still closer than before. After their feelings had calmed, and a few questions were asked and answered rapidly, William urged an immediate removal to the house. "But who is this?" said he, "we must have assistance." "A messmate of mine," said George, "whom I was obliged to bear to the shore, as he failed in swimming, and is now faint." After a few kind efforts, and chafing his wrists and temples, he revived, and leaning on the brothers, they set out for the house.

William had been long absent, and Clara looked often towards the shore, and as she stood in the door of the mansion and saw him returning with two such companions, her amazement was unbounded. But Clara's tears were mingled with those of the brothers, as she looked upon one so often mourned by his friends as lost. The wearied seamen were soon supplied with needful refreshment, and sought repose after such an eventful night. William's joy knew no

bounds, and again and again, as he caressed his little George, did he tell him of a new found uncle.

When sufficiently recovered, George was solicited for his adventures, and remarking "that it was a painful task," he complied. It was evening when he began, and a pleasant circle was formed around the fireside. "On the morning when you last saw me I determined never more to return home. I turned my steps at once towards the shipping, and inquired on board of several vessels for a situation as cabin-boy, but was rejected. At length the master of a whale ship directed me to a shipping office, and I was soon enrolled as belonging to his ship, under the name of Henry Adams." "Then Vincent was right," interrupted William, and explaining to George the suspicion of his father and his friend, he begged him to proceed. "When we were fairly at sea, the ship rolled heavily under the influence of a stiff breeze. I was, of course, taken sick and left alone below, then the full weight of my guilt and folly came upon me, and I wept in horrible anguish. Where now was the fond mother to soothe me with her kind voice, and where the friends to attend to my wants? I had left them in anger, and now none was nigh me to cool my lips with a cup of water. But this sickness

wore away, and with it departed my reflections. The captain was indifferent to the morals of his crew, and their duty was all he seemed to notice. I soon mixed with the loosest characters on board, and fought, and at last cursed as terribly as the most hardened in the ship. Twice punished with the cat I was rendered more guarded, but as vile as ever. Cape Horn was now to be doubled, and forced to severer duties by the roughness of the weather, I was often so chilled with the cold that I was obliged to cling to the yard with scarce strength enough to prevent my being dashed to the deck. We arrived at Valparaiso, where the ship was to receive her fresh supplies. Disliking the whaler, I concealed myself, and was employed on board of a large brig bound through the straits of Malacca to Madras, with a large amount of specie for the government. Well treated by the captain I lost some of my roughness, and grew much attached to him. We crossed the Pacific, now and then touching at some island to replenish a water cask, and entered the straits of Malacca. The Malays are notorious pirates, and commit many desperate acts of plunder. Our captain seemed to understand their character very well, for a double watch was set, and the arms were examined and

prepared for use. The first day passed without any cause for alarm, but the next morning the man on the look-out reported a large proa rowing from place to place, apparently looking up others, as she was soon seen heading towards us in company with four others, containing about twenty-five men each. The arms were instantly distributed, and to my lot fell a pistol and cutlass. There were two small guns on board which we charged with grape, and thus with a force scarce half their number, about fifty seamen and twelve passengers, we anxiously awaited their approach.

"On they came, the rowers keeping time with a rude sort of song until they were within hailing distance, when an old sailor, who understood a little of the language, called to them, and asked what they wanted? The reply was short, 'the vessel.' At this the order was given to fire the guns, and the grape did its full work, still they approached, separating to board us on all sides. Our muskets now opened upon them, but they kept on, and were soon seen amid the smoke clambering in the chains. 'Repel boarders,' shouted the captain as he sheathed his sword in the nearest pirate, and dispatched another with a pistol. His example was nobly followed; but the enemy fought like tigers and drove the men

from the forecastle, when they formed and rushed upon our station in the waist, where we were drawn up to receive them with pikes and other arms. We closed, and the captain engaged the muscular form of the pirate chief hand to hand;—he slipped and fell lying at the mercy of his foe, who raised his weapon to strike, when perceiving our leader's danger I levelled a loaded pistol and madly fired;—the pirate fell lifeless. The rest, intimidated by the fall of their chief, seemed to hesitate, and finally attempted to retreat, and were killed or driven into the water, from which some of them reached a boat. Our loss was but small, and the vessel was cleared by the abler hands, and we held our way until we arrived at Madras, where the captain died of his wounds. This occasioned a change, and my companion (Thomas) and myself shipped on board a Liverpool vessel, and started for England. Our work was heavy, and often have I gone below ready to drop with fatigue. The passage was, however, nearly accomplished, and as we were already nearing the docks the sailors struck up a chorus as they hove the windlass: it was 'Home, sweet home,' and the tears gushed from my eye as I thought that there was no home for me; an outcast, with no friends to look for

my return. I thought of an offended father and an affectionate mother, and I felt sad and desolate.

"But dissipation drove away the gloom, and I was as reckless as ever. My friend was still with me, and together we entered an English Man-of-War employed in surveying and cruising in India. A few days before my term of service expired, an officer, disliked by all, called me a 'bungler,' and using other taunts he roused my passion, and I struck him to the deck; but being in port I kept concealed ashore until an opportunity offered for a passage, when, in company with 'Tom,' as I call him, we again reached England. Here I was employed in various vessels, always avoiding those bound to the United States.

"I finally entered (Tom with me as usual) a vessel employed on the coasts of France and England to prevent smuggling, and having started a chase, we pursued her down the coast and captured her, taking a part of her lading; but being unfit for taking into port we scuttled her.

"Yesterday, as we headed for home we spoke of our gallant craft that was to carry us in safety to the port. Now those voices are hushed, and that vessel has become the plaything for every little ripple." He paused, and as he brushed the

tear from his eye he saw that all had shared his grief. He then proceeded—"although the sun was shining so brightly, it left behind dark and threatening clouds, which soon gathered and poured their fury upon us. We tacked to get in the open sea, but the wind drove us further in shore, and as expected, we struck. The boats were lowered and instantly crowded;—a huge wave swamped them, and but three were left. Nothing could induce the captain to leave the wreck, and Tom and I stood near him, when a tremendous wave came sweeping over us, and lifting us with it, we were obliged to swim; something struck me and I instinctively grasped it;—it was a plank. A dark body was floating swiftly by, when imagining it to be a man, I seized it and drew my friend towards me, and held him until the rushing waves threw us to the shore, when clinging to the edge of a rock until the wave receded, I dragged, rather than carried, my burden to the spot on which you found us." He ended, and the "good night" of each was uttered with feeling.

Scarce a month had elapsed when William and his family, attended by a stranger, might be seen entering the house of Mr. Mason in New York. "The stranger," William said, "had some ti-

dings of George." He was asked, and spoke with great emotion, until bursting into tears, he threw himself before Mr. Mason, and sobbed out, "Father, forgive me!" To attempt to describe the transport of the parents would be presumption, for the parent alone can tell.

Once in the path of rectitude the resolution of George was unshaken, and placed in his father's employ he rapidly improved, and long remained to remind them of an over ruling Providence.

Ward School, No. 10,
Fourth Ward.

ON MY LOST BIRD.

BY MISS ANNA A. VAN BLARCOM

Poor Dickey, if you had not flown
Away from this, your quiet home,
You might yet be hap'ly living
In your cage, and gaily singing.

Why did you leave your pretty cage,
And leave it too in such a rage?
How could you leave your brother so,
Alone to foreign lands to go?

But for other lands I suppose you took
A notion, that you'd like to look;
But ere you very far had flown,
Poor Dick! Death claim'd you for his own.

And then you mischief, you did fly
Upon the apple-tree, and try,
Your brother Bobby, to entice
To leave his cage right in a trice.

He, your entreaties did not mind,
He car'd not distant lands to find;
His home he lov'd, full quite as well
As into foreign lands to dwell.

And when we did try to get you,
Quite in a pet, away you flew;
A home I 'spose you thought you'd find
Better than this, to suit your mind.

Dear Dickey, though you've breath'd your last,
You're sheltered from the cold wind's blast;
On the mantel you're always seen,
Right up there, on a bough of green.

Learn now from Dickey, little friends
No foreign scene enjoyment lends;
At home we can employment find,
And such as will improve the mind.

PUBLIC SCHOOL, No. 16,
Eleventh Ward.

THE AMERICAN BOY.

BY FRANCIS D. MOULTON.

Assuming that all I have heard or read of the state of society in other countries is true, I think I have ample reason to be grateful to Providence that I was born an American Boy. I must beg leave to claim your indulgence while I endeavor to enumerate some of the many reasons by which I have arrived at this conclusion.

In the first instance, an European boy is placed by the mere accident of birth beyond the reach of attaining the highest position in the sphere of society, either social, political, or moral; no matter how pure his morals, rare his talents, brilliant his genius, or spotless his integrity; if he be not born in a palace, with a silver spoon in his mouth, and waited on by liveried lackies, 'tis in vain that he possesses all the faculties that elevate the mind or dignify the man.

Again, if the length of his purse, or the extent of his acres be longer or greater than that of his poorer neighbors, 'tis in itself a sufficient

reason why there should be an inseparable barrier between them and him, and why the line of demarcation should be drawn broad, deep and impassable; thus drying up the great source of social communication, which should exist between man and man, and hindering the rough, and perhaps rude characteristics of the poor man, from coming in collision with those of the rich, and thereby receiving a polish of style and sentiment, of which his own limited circumstances must deprive him.

The space usually allotted to a schoolboy's composition precludes me from entering more minutely into detail on the subject, for the purpose of advancing irrefutable amounts of evidence to prove, that the fate of the American boy is cast in the happiest land beneath the wide canopy of Heaven. His education is as free as the air he breathes, his intercourse with society is unrestrained as his own mountain breezes; merit meets a sure reward, and, in fine, mind is made the standard of the man. Thrice happy then am I that I was born beneath the banner of the Stars and Stripes, that splendid emblem of union, light and liberty, in the land where no impediment, save want of moral worth, is placed in the path of the American boy. He may

ascend from the lamp-lighter's ladder to the chair of the President of this model republic, for we here are all hereditary kings. My heart dilates with pride when I feel that Washington, Franklin, and a great host of others, renowned in history as the greatest statesmen and philosophers that ever lived, were all once, like myself and associates, American boys.

Ward School, No. 1,
Twelfth Ward.

THE HUMAN BODY.

BY CORNELIUS MEEKER.

The human body is the most wonderful piece of mechanism that God has created. "Man is fearfully and wonderfully made." All the parts of his body work in perfect agreement with each other. The brain exercises its influence over the various parts of the body; and who could perform such operations, and adjust such contrivances to move in perfect harmony, but God alone!

The brain is one of the most important functions of the body. It is the organ through which all the operations of the mind are performed. The brain, of itself, has no feeling, and may be cut with a knife, without any sensation of pain; yet there are small parts of it called nerves, which extend to all parts of the body, and are very sensible to the touch. Man has five senses; Seeing, Hearing, Feeling, Tasting, and Smelling. Sight and hearing are regarded as the most important. The eye is one of the

most curious and wonderful organs in the whole body.

There are three skins which cover the body; the under one is called the cuticle, or real skin. This skin is composed of nerves, blood vessels, &c., which cross each other in every direction, and will stretch like a piece of india rubber. It is of the same color in every person. That which causes the difference of color in the various races is this, over the middle skin is spread a thin matter, which in the European race is white, in the Negro, black, and in the Indian, copper-colored. The outside skin, except on the palms of the hands and bottoms of the feet, is thin. It is also very porous, for the purpose of letting the impure matter which is contained in the body pass off through it. If this skin is destroyed it will grow again; but if the cuticle, or real skin, is destroyed, it will not.

There are 252 bones in the human body: each hand has 19, each foot 26, and each wrist 8 bones. The skull is divided into 8 irregular pieces, which are notched like the teeth of a saw.

The operation of the heart is very wonderful. It throws out at every beat about two ounces of blood. The blood is brought to the heart by

means of veins, and distributed over the body by the arteries.

The lungs are also a very important part of the system. The blood is purified in them by being brought in contact with the oxygen of the air.

But the most important instrument connected with the body, I have yet to tell you of. It is the mind, the soul. It is this which controls all the movements of this fearfully and wonderfully made body. It is this which will live through the countless ages of eternity.

Ward School, No. 14,
First Ward.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

BY MISS MARY E. HARPER.

THE story of the Good Samaritan is one of the most touching parables of the New Testament.

It was mid-day—a traveller, wearied and worn, journeyed from Jerusalem to Jericho, and as he journeyed he fell among thieves, who after having beaten and robbed him, stripped him of his raiment, and left him by the way-side to perish.

The thieves left him wounded and bruised, weltering in gory blood. The poor wearied traveller was unable to pursue his homeward journey, and as he lay there, his thoughts were of the loved ones who were anxiously awaiting his return, and of the pleasant home and happy faces he might never see again.

Hours, long tedious hours, passed by, and the sun was fast sinking among the western hills.

Hope had almost died in the heart of the poor sufferer, when hark! he hears the sound of approaching footsteps. A priest is coming; oh joy!

a priest, one of his own kindred, one of those whose profession is to be ever ready to minister to the wants and woes of his fellow creatures—a priest! the poor forlorn one will certainly receive the assistance he so much needs, and he raises his hands in supplication. Ah! the priest looks on him, and coldly passes by on the other side, without one gleam of pity on his countenance, or a single word of consolation or hope, and the traveller weeps, for he is sadly disappointed.

Again there is some one coming—it is a Levite, whose duty it is to officiate at the sanctuary of the Most High, and speak of holy things; and the poor man beseeches him to listen to the sad tale of his sufferings, to pause and think of his sad and hopeless condition—but no, he too with averted head goes on his way.

And now, faint and dispairing, the poor man feels that he is indeed forsaken.—Left there alone to die.

But stay! help is at hand; the priest and the Levite have gone by, and now a Samaritan journeys that way, and as he comes to the place, he sees this poor creature stretched on the ground half dead—and although at that time a bitter hatred existed between the Jews and Samaritans,

his heart is touched with compassion. He alights from his horse, and going to him, raises his poor weary head, and inquiring the cause of his misfortunes, pities and comforts him; he places him on his own beast, pours oil upon his wounds, and conducts him to a place where he will receive kind treatment, and where his recovery will be carefully attended to, and promises to defray all the expenses which may be incurred.

How deep must have been the gratitude of that poor man's heart to this Good Samaritan, who has set such an example of kindness, not only to *Priests* and Levites, but to all the world!

Cold and worthless indeed is the charity, bestowed that it may be seen of others, instead of being given solely to relieve the afflicted. Perhaps, had there been a crowd around the sick man, the Priest and the Levite would have *pressed forward* to bestow an alms; but such ostentation is not charity.

As the Good Samaritan did, let us do, and "God who sees in secret of himself, shall reward us openly."

Ward School, No. 5,
Eleventh Ward.

SCHOOL.

BY MISS ARMENIA C. HORTON.

School is indeed a happy place,
When all around is dear;
Knowledge and Truth we there can trace,
And chase away the tear.

Knowledge! ah yes, 'tis there we learn,
To richly store our youthful mind,
And with our kind and loving teacher,
Love and Virtue are combined.

Truth, what pleasant recollections
Does this little word convey!
When by dear and true reflections,
We remember each school day.

We happy scholars then will try,
Our gratitude to show,
To her, who with so dear a tie,
Has taught us all we know.

A tie which never can be severed
While life we still retain,
And by our love it shall be rendered,
Ever worthy to remain.

Ward School, No. 10,
Fourth Ward.

THE SCIENCE OF NUMBERS.

BY EMILY C. TAPPEN.

THE unpretending theme upon which I have chosen to dwell, is the science of numbers. Of course, you will not expect from a little girl, like me, a very labored essay upon the uses and purposes of arithmetic. It will not be presumed that I have explored the mazy labyrinths of algebraic profundity, and become conversant with the logarithms of the learned. Time, and hard study will alone accomplish this, even in this land of figures, where the youngest of us can tell it takes a hundred cents to make one of the Almighty Dollars. Still, without an undue multiplication of words, such an addition may be made of them, that, by a careful division of the subject in hand, we shall be able to *subtract* some thoughts to our advantage and profit.

The cypher, the poor oblong cypher, is considered the least in the family of figures. When desirous of expressing how little we think of an individual, it is not unusual to say he is a mere

cypher. Consulting my dictionary, I find the meaning of this word is "an Arabian, or Oriental character, which, standing by itself, expresses nothing, but increases or diminishes the value of other figures according to its position."

How singularly coincident is this definition with many things in our happy country? And first, how aptly may it be made to represent the political compact which binds us together? As our national motto signifies we are "one in many," and, without much violence to language, "We have got to be many in one," and yet mighty as we are, spreading ourselves as we do from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the secret of our success, if any one would like to know it, is our unity. Every state is to the other a cypher—standing by itself, expressing nothing; but standing in its proper position in the circle of state's brotherhood, each increases the value and importance of the others; and "united we stand, divided we fall." So, too, of our social organizations. Confined within the narrow sphere of self, man, is to a great degree, powerless for good or evil—a perfect cypher in fact, if not in shape. Associated with others, he is part of a mighty engine, whose revolutions shake the world.

The combination of party, insignificant in their single state, gives strength and power, not to be resisted, to the united whole. The mighty ocean which bears upon its broad bosom the floating palaces of our own and other countries, and which, when tempest-tossed, drowns in its rage the loud thunders of the sky, is composed of drops; and the white sand beach, on which in its sportive mood it loves to play, is a mass of grains.

But to my dictionary definition again:—the cypher, it will be remembered, increases or diminishes the value of other figures, according to its position. To its place, then, in the line, it owes all its force. Put it where it ought to be, place it where alone it is available for good, keep it on the right side, and the value of its associates is immeasurably increased. Add nine of these cyphers to the right of the figure one and a simple unit is changed into a thousand millions. Reverse their order, place them on the left, and while you have made them more cumbrous in form, you have but a naked unit left. The influence is plain, and the moral forcible. Single or united, with right on our side, in any enterprise, moral, mental, or physical; national, social, or private; sooner or later suc-

cess must crown our efforts. If we are wrong—no adventitious circumstances of wealth, place, or honor, can ultimately bring us to a greater importance or value than we are really worth, and stripped of these shadowy assistants, we shall fall back into the temple of time, and be accounted what we were—cyphers.

Ward School, No. 1,
Twelfth Ward.

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.

BY MISS EMMELINE C. DAVIS.

"KNOWLEDGE is Power." This is an axiom that is generally conceded. Nay, more, we say that knowledge is the creator of power. It has imparted to man the mysteries of the heavens and the earth, and even of life and death. Knowledge gives to the votary of science a familiarity with the mysteries of the human frame, and exhibits to him the very pulsations of the life-blood, and gives him power, by inoculation and otherwise, even over disease. Knowledge unlocks the hidden recesses of the earth, and makes men familiar with its minerals and plants. Knowledge empowers the astronomer to read the planets, and commands for science, power over the very lightning as it descends upon the earth. Knowledge has given to us the steamboat which defies the ocean, wind and waves. Knowledge gives to those possessing it, a ratio of power over those who do not, that may be assimilated in manufactures, to the power-

loom over the humble knitting-needle; and in agriculture, to the thrashing-machine over the tedious flail.

There is one species of knowledge, however, which man has not attained—it is the knowledge of himself, his genius and strength on the one hand, and his heart and desires on the other. When he shall have learned, throughout the world, the sublime principles of the Declaration of American Independence, that "man is endowed by his Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are, life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," and accompanies this knowledge with the conviction that the golden rule is the true foundation of life, he will have learned that knowledge is not only power, but the true source of happiness and peace.

Ward School, No 10,
Fourth Ward

PARTING FROM A FRIEND.

BY MISS JOANNA TREACY.

Among the many proofs of warmth of feeling and genuine friendship, there is not one so peculiarly adapted to call forth all the finer feelings, the god-like attributes of our nature, as the parting from a dear friend—for instance, a beloved brother, who created for us, and enjoyed with us the simple sports of our infant years—

> "Those sunny, sunny hours of childhood,
> How soon, how soon they pass away!
> Like flowers, like flowers in the wild wood,
> That bloom but to decay!"

And on whose noble arm we have leaned in youth's gay dawning, and listened with pride and pleasure, mingled with many a burst of joyous laughter, to his plans of the future; his path to fame and glory; his certain and rapid ascent to the giddy pinnacle of fortune, and sung for him the old nursery song—

> "Rock a by baby, on the tree top,"

never thinking that a period would come to oblige him to leave perhaps, for ever, the friends of his soul; the home of our early and happy years; to wander in distant lands, it may be, friendless and alone, surrounded by difficulties and beset by dangers; the future a mere chaos of doubts and uncertainties.

But Hope, that divine taper burning in the breasts of mortals, flings far and wide its cheering beams, and lights us over obstacles almost insurmountable to other eyes;—and thus the brother, the playmate and guide of our infancy and youth, the pride of the father's eye, the joy of the mother's heart, the beloved centre of our happy circle, is about to depart from all he held dear and sacred, for distant lands and other scenes to realize, as it were, the fruits of his boyish imaginings, his youthful aspirations and manly hopes. His friends are gathered around to see him, perchance, for the last time, and to bid him a final adieu. He looks around on the familiar and loved ones, but every eye is downcast, every voice is hushed, and every, once happy face, is veiled in sorrow, which they labor in vain to conceal; and as he looks, he feels for the first time in his young and happy life, a pang of unutterable anguish in his soul;

and asks himself, Can any future happiness compensate for this? The spirit of truth and innocence from within answers—no. For a moment he regrets the fatal resolution to go hence, and would willingly believe it a troubled dream; but notice is given that all is ready, and the moment has arrived that he must depart—the very last moment. Friends press round in silence, every heart is bursting with pent-up feelings, every lip trembling with emotion, as it imprints the sacred sign of deep and holy love on the burning cheek of the lone wanderer, and pressing him to the heart, the flood-gates of sorrow are thrown open, and he departs in the midst of sobs, and tears, and bene lictions.

Ward School, No. 13,
Twelfth Ward 40th St

MOONLIGHT.

BY MISS ANNA A. VAN BLARCOM.

I love to ramble at moonlight,
Along the silvery lake,
And watch the little fishes bright
Their sportive rambles make.

I love when the moon is shining,
And the heavens, clear and bright,
Upon the grass reclining,
To read by the pale moonlight.

When all is still and quiet,
Except the murmuring rill,
To hear soft strains of music,
Gliding sweetly o'er the hill.

I love when in the moonlight,
To watch the moonbeam's sway,
And with its light retiring,
To think of dawning day.

And when the clear moon withdraws
Its silvery light away,
Retire to dream of many scores
Of such sweet thoughts as they.

PUBLIC SCHOOL, No. 16,
Eleventh Ward.

VISIT TO GRANDMOTHER'S.

BY MISS MARION HOLLY.

[ON A VISIT TO HER GRANDMOTHER, BY A CHILD SEVEN YEARS OLD.]

My teacher bade me write a composition. I don't know what to write about. Only just think, I am a little girl seven years old. Mother says I have no thoughts about me; but, O! I must tell you about my visit to my grandmother's. I got on board the steamboat to sail up the Sound, at three o'clock; we passed Blackwell's Island, and saw the long prison, where mother says they put bad men and women. We arrived at Stamford at six o'clock; now, Stamford is a beautiful village, and my grandmother lives near there. Her house is about six miles north of Stamford. It is on a high ridge of ground, and if you were only there you would think you could see almost all over the world; you can see most the whole of Long Island Sound, and with grandfather's spy-glass

you can see the whole. The house is a large, old-fashioned white cottage, with a big chimney in the middle; with a big kitchen on one side, and a fire-place big enough to put my bed in it. I wish you could see the big stick they put on for a back-log; it would make most a load of wood. I had sport in chasing grandmother's old dog called Spry, and her old cat; and every little while aunt Harriet would call out, "Marion! I will not have such a noise;" and then grandmother would say, "come, Marion, go and play." So I would go in the yard under the Willow tree and make me a play house, and stay an hour or two, to give aunt Harriet a little peace, for uncle William says "she is a cross old maid."

PUBLIC SCHOOL, No. 16,
Eleventh Ward.

DISSOLUTION OF THE UNION.

BY THOMAS L'OGUE.

Is a dissolution of the American Union probable? Is there any one who will presume to say that our existence, as two or more independent confederacies, would advance our prosperity in a ratio greater than it is being advanced at present? That such an existence would augment our happiness, either as nations or individuals? That it would give us greater security against foreign invasion? I am convinced that no one of sane mind would make these declarations. Then, let it be made apparent to every one, throughout the whole length and breadth of our land, that a dissolution of the compact, that binds these States together, would not be productive of any advantage whatever. The fact should be held up where every body could behold it. It is not sufficient that millions of people quietly admit the superiority of our political organization over any other that could be formed from any divisions of the States; the fact

should be brought more intimately to their senses; they should be made to see it plainly, and feel it too.

They should be made to understand wherein that superiority consists: a knowledge of every trait of excellence incidental to the existing confederacy, that would not be possessed by, or would not grow out of confederacies formed by these States, should be stamped upon the minds of all the inhabitants of our country. When this shall be done, a dissolution of the American Union will not only be improbable, but I venture to say boldly, impossible.

What are the means at work to bring about this state of feeling and opinion? Our public schools are the most efficient instruments in the good undertaking. They are educating and enlightening thousands who, but for them, would never have become useful order-loving citizens; who never would have been fitted to enjoy life rationally. Then there are the multitudes of private academies, colleges, periodicals and newspapers. I look upon newspapers as the grand safety valve of our political system. Then our numerous railroads, canals, steamboats and electricity, (taught to run along a wire,) all these are disseminating aids; besides, they

are hourly making affections and interests; they are creating a spirit of brotherhood—a feeling that makes us all of one family; they originate interests of a pecuniary as well as of other characters. The strength of an interest of the former character cannot be too highly estimated.

Blend affections and interests in the preservation of an institution, and you may secure it in such a manner that it will defy the peltings of the storm and the madness of the wind. There are recollections of the deeds of our Revolutionary fathers; of their struggles for freedom, that are kindled in our breasts again and again; there are recollections that find responses among this people every where, even in the far west; there are recollections we are constantly recording by the ready means of publication, and as constantly circulating by means of the facilities of communication. Our institutions of learning, and our channels of communication, are fast making a national sentiment, a public sentiment, a family sentiment, that will bind our country together into one government, strongly, lastingly, beautifully, affectionately.

Ward School, No. 1,
Twelfth Ward.

LIFE AT A WATER CURE RETREAT.

BY MISS ROSAMOND STUART.

In a lovely rural village, not far from this great city, is located a famous retreat for invalids.

It is conducted on the system of Preisnitz, the great hydropathist. The most simple food, and cold water for drink and bathing, are the only elements employed to renovate the feeble, and give the rosy blush to the lip and cheek of fading beauty.

The village consists of a number of cottages, surrounded by lofty shade trees, shrubbery and flowers, and whitewashed into a snowy whiteness, giving them the appearance of great elegance and neatness as they peep out from their "leafy frames," like some bright half revealed vision of beauty.

It is situated at the base of a range of hills on the south, while to the north stretches a noble bay opening a way into the sound.

In the distance is seen in a long blue line the shore of a noble state, extending for forty miles in full view.

A hundred tiny craft are skimming gaily o'er the bay; a white speck, here and there, like the wing of a "gull" is seen in the far off blue, hanging o'er the distant sound, marking the passage of the mariner's gallant bark.

It is a most charming spot, and its inhabitants have caught much of the spirit that nature has thrown with such lavish grace around their pleasant home; the poorest hut is enveloped in flowers, and is as bright, in its humble way, as the most aristocratic mansion.

There are three churches; one a quaint old structure, bearing marks of Revolutionary times, is occupied by Quakers, the others belong to Baptist and Episcopalian Societies.

The colored people have a society, but no regular church. The place abounds in springs of the purest water, which leap from the white sand like bright spirits of light. Many of these are turned into plunge baths, others are raised for the douche and shower baths; there is also a delightful little pond, fronting the country-seat of one of our noted worthies; and a nice sail boat is always there to carry you out on the water.

There are several fine squadrons of young ducks and goslings swimming merrily about, in

all the joyous thoughtlessness of infancy, under convoy of their respective seniors, who ride the waters in all the pride and grandeur of a first class man-of-war, or the proud merchant ship.

There is no hotel in the place; the building occupied by the retreat was once a tavern, but its owner, after years of annoyance to his quiet neighbors, died; and now the bright genius of cold water rules with triumphant sway.

The retreat is crowded in the summer months, and presents a scene of the most animating character.

The patients are nearly all of the "right stamp," who have experienced much in the way of suffering, and are of that gifted class, in whom the spirit is *too* powerful for the material frame; and possess some gift of rare value to please and delight others.

Some of the finest artists are to be found walking in their long blankets, coming in early and late, like spirits of some misty dream.

There is Mr. F—, he is a fine linguist, preacher, painter, musician, and writes for "Magazines."

Miss R—, with her bright face and glorious eye, sketches, plays on the guitar, and paints with a taste, skill, and grace, all her own. Her

mother is a splendid woman, and adores her child.

Mrs. A— is the gayest of the gay; while poor Mrs. T—, with her pale suffering face, is the most charming person at the retreat, her voice is plaintive and sweet—

> "As the softest sound of an expiring echo
> From harp hung on the sorrowing willow."

Oh! 'tis a glorious sight, when all are gathered in the old parlor, as the twilight slowly retires behind the stars, that noble gathering of fair and gifted sufferers; the revealings of high intellect and lofty spirit are such as can be found no where else; with so much real kindness and unpretending feeling.

Faces and forms of etherial beauty, all bearing traces of care and disease, but lighted from the true "Promethean altar;" a warm and generous heart, while the "gents" from almost every land under the sun, nearly all present some mark of unusual interest and power.

"Will you have a song?" A dozen ready voices join, and music wakes the stillness of the balmy air. There was Juliet B—, a most lovely creature, (not exactly a Venus de Medici,) but every body loved her, for they could not help it.

She was very pale, but that sad sweet smile was ever there—her voice was the very "*spirituelle*" of sweet sound, gentle sympathies, and pure feeling, but the light has paled in her deep blue eye—the "cold angel" has said, "come!" Now she sleeps, and as the early flowers are nodding in dreary silence o'er her quiet greenwood rest—

"Green be the turf above thee my friend."

WARD SCHOOL, No. 5,
Eleventh Ward.

NATURE AND HER WORKS.

BY MISS F. Z. WENTWORTH.

Nature hath charms with which art, with all its lofty aspirations and beautiful conceptions, would vainly vie. Charms, soft, entrancing, deep, sublime; worthy of the Great Hand that fashioned them, imaging His eternal attributes in all their beauty, love, and power. Oh! Nature, fain would we envy thee; tracing in all thy works the will of a Deity, for He commanded and thou wast, breathing only of Him, for He is thy only theme, bowing to Him for He alone guides, directs thee. God hath not made the mighty waters to be controlled by man, to be governed by his mandates, or subject to his will. No! God hath made the world; He will govern it. What beneficence—what kindness is shown in all His works! Nothing is wanting wherewith we could be happy. The lovely streams that wander midst the hills and dales, all show His wisdom in not only providing a feast for the eye and soul, but bringing the fertility that supplies our essen-

tial wants. The mighty cataract, amidst whose roar the power of man seems but as naught, charms the eye and elevates the mind, to contemplate the Maker. The forest, beneath whose shade we love to rest awhile, bears the impress of His hand on every tree that bends majestically beneath the wind, or gently moves to and fro with the zephyr, like the rise and fall of ocean-waves; or every humble flower that lifts its head above the soil. But there are others, the soft, the beautiful. Twilight, what a lovely gift! we cannot speak its beauties.

The glorious sun having performed its daily labor of supplying the earth with light and heat gives place to softer beauties. Twilight wraps her mellow tender light around us. Who can contemplate twilight without a heart swelling with gratitude! When day is o'er we are not left in night, but twilight, as a warning messenger, tells us 'tis time to rest our wearied limbs, and seek repose in sleep, that gentle restorer of our strength.

"The moon is up, and yet it is not night—
Sunset divides the day with her,
Heaven is free from clouds, but of all colors seems to be
Melted to one vast Iris in the west,
Where the day joins the past eternity,

While on the other hand, meek Dian's crest
Floats through the azure air an island of the blest!
A single star is at her side, and reigns
With her o'er half the lovely heaven."

And then comes night; the lovely moon surrounded by her sister stars, and brightened by the absence of the sun, sheds her silvery light o'er nature's humble works; and man rejoicing o'er her beauties, retires from the busy throng, to contemplate the wisdom of Him who formed the sun, moon and stars, bright ornaments of His handiwork.

What beauty in

"Those isles of light
So wildly, spiritually bright,
Who ever gazed upon them shining,
And turned to earth without repining,
Nor wished for wings to flee away.
To mix with their eternal ray."

And then comes morning—heaven's brightest gift. The sun as though refreshed by night, appears with unwonted splendor to illuminate a world already sparkling with the due drops, that seem like diamonds dropt by angel hands to give to us a faint idea of golden streets, of pearly walls, and the many beauties of our heavenly home.

Sweet hour—of life, of love, of melody, when Nature tunes her cords and wakes them all to music! Who does not hear it in the ocean wave, when driven fiercely by the raging tempest, or lulled to rest by summer breezes? Is there not music in the forest as it bends to every breath, or when the Autumn winds strip it of its bright foliage, and sport among its leafless boughs?

Ward School, No. 10,
Fourth Ward.

INTEMPERANCE.

BY JAMES W. CONROW.

INTEMPERANCE is one of the greatest evils that afflict the human race. It destroys more lives than war, pestilence, and famine. When persons begin to drink they do not intend to become drunkards, but only take a little "for the stomach's sake." Perhaps first only a glass of wine to please some kind friend, but that glass creates a desire for more, or something stronger, and they try a glass of brandy; and soon, from bad to worse, till they become habitual drunkards, neglecting their families, their business, and leaving their wives and children to beggary, while they themselves frequent the gambling house, and other places of vice and misery. And often when they cannot obtain money with which to buy rum by honest means, they resort to dishonest ones, and so on from step to step, till they find themselves in prison, or perhaps on the gallows—if not, on the road to it; and this is the

result of a glass of wine. And now let me say one word to my friends before I stop. Let me entreat you to sign the pledge—do not put it off, but when you have a desire for strong drink remember to "touch not, taste not, handle not;" for though it may seem a pleasure at first, yet at last it will "bite like a serpent and sting like an adder."

Ward School, No. 16,
Seventh Ward, Monroe St.

HOPE.

BY MARCUS B. ROSEVELT.

HOPE is a beacon in the soul of man. Let him be placed in whatever situation he may, as king upon the throne, or mendicant in degradation, hope is the bright and only star that enlightens his pathway and directs his steps to prosperity and happiness. In seasons of adversity and affliction, sorrow and suffering, and at the near approach of the final hour, when this mortal shall be called to put on immortality, hope illumines the soul, and banishes all fear of death and its consequences. So it is when death-clouds obscure for a time the flowery path of life's blissful dreams. Hope, with its soothing, bright, and genial rays, comes to our aid, and dispondency is banished away. It is thus that hope points to that eternal shore, where all sorrows cease, and all happiness reigns for evermore.

WARD SCHOOL, No. 14.
First Ward.

ESCAPE FROM THE WYOMING MASSACRE.

BY MISS MARY FLANAGAN.

"An ower true tale."

"Truth stranger than fiction."

AMONG the many tragical events which occurred during the American struggle for Independence, we find none fraught with more misery, or which presents to us a better example of fortitude, than the destruction of the beautiful Valley of Wyoming, in the year 1778. Wyoming is situated on the Susquehanna river, about due west from the city of New York, and 119 miles north-west of Philadelphia. This valley, though gifted by nature with enchanting loveliness, and sheltered by the Pokono and Blue mountains, which rise in majestic grandeur on either side, could not avert the wrath of the invader, under whose sword, one of the most beautiful and rural villages of the American Patriots disappeared. It was invaded in 1778 by a body of Tories and Indians,

who, with savage brutality, either killed or captured the greater part of the innocent inhabitants, and burned the neat cottages, and destroyed the fertile fields and rich orchards of this beautiful valley.

One of the early settlers of the valley was a respectable man, by the name of Isaac Sloane, who at the time of the invasion had a family, consisting of a wife and four children, the oldest of whom was a boy named George, aged nine years; the next, Eliza, who had reached her seventh year; and two, between the ages of four and one. The dwelling of Mr. Sloane was situated in the central part of the valley, on the side of a hill of moderate elevation, which inclined gradually to the edge of the Susquehanna, which swept along through the valley and made a graceful turn round the base of the hill at a short distance below Mr. Sloane's house. One morning in July it was announced to the inhabitants, by the alarm gun of the fort, that danger was approaching. When the information of the Tories and Indians having entered their valley reached the fort, Mr. Sloane was at work with his oxen in the fields, from whence he was summoned by the well-known sound of alarm.

Proceeding immediately to his dwelling, Mr.

Sloane and his wife made preparations to abandon it as quickly as possible; but recollecting that his son George was attending a flock of sheep in a field, on the other side of the hill, he sent his eldest daughter to apprise him of the danger, and bid him hurry home. She was not quite out of sight, when Mr. Sloane discovered a party of Indians coming along the river, in the direction of his home, and he distinctly heard shots, which seemed every moment to come nearer. Mr. Sloane found it necessary to leave the house with all expedition, and Mrs. Sloane having hastily taken the youngest child in her arms, he took charge of the other one, and they hurried from their home, never again to enter it. Taking a direction towards the bank of the river, concluding that George and Eliza would meet them there, as it was most likely they would come that way from the field. They found that they had taken a very appropriate step, as they had no sooner gained the edge of the river than the Indians had reached the house from the opposite direction. The boat was in readiness, but although they feared to lose a moment, they could not leave their children behind. Having waited a few moments in distressing suspense, they perceived their son hastening towards them

across the fields ; but where was their daughter ? George having reached them ; to their eager inquiries he replied that he had not seen his sister, but that he saw a number of Indians crossing the fields, who, having come within a short distance of the one in which he was, turned abruptly in another direction, and that he heard something like a scream, mingled with the loud savage laugh of the Indians. This so frightened him, that as soon as they disappeared he started for home, but having come in sight of it, and seeing Indians around it, he knew not what to do, when he happened to see his parents by the river.

Oh ! what dark and dreadful forebodings crowded on the minds of those affectionate parents, as they thought what might befall their beloved Eliza ! Mr. Sloane now thought of leaving his family where they were, and going in search of his child ; but seeing that they were perceived by the Indians, he conceived it would be more prudent to cross the river and seek a place of concealment, than to risk the lives of his whole family. The Indians on seeing them take to the boat, which might be the means of their escape, having pillaged, immediately set fire to the house, and hastened to pursue their

intended victims. Having reached the farther bank, Mr. Sloane and his family beheld their once happy home on flames, and the Indians pursuing them with great rapidity, being already nearly half way across the river. The children on seeing the savages so near, clung closer to their parents, and the faithful watch-dog, as if conscious of the danger, ran backward and forward, barking with all his might, as if determined to shield his master from harm; and then plunged in the water to attack the savages. Seeing an Indian making preparations to dispatch the dog, and finding it vain to flee from so swift an enemy, Mr. Sloane, with great presence of mind, thought of a cave which he had discovered in a rock near by, while out hunting. To this he immediately took his trembling family, not forgetting, by some slight manœuvering, to deceive the Indians as to the true direction that he took. They had barely time to enter the cave, when they heard the terrible yell of the Indians. They remained perfectly motionless, almost fearing to breathe, lest the quick ears of the Indians would catch the sound. The entrance to the cave was concealed by the luxuriant sweet-briar, which clambered up the side of the rock, in such a manner that none, save those who were

familiar with the winding path that led to it, would perceive that such a thing existed, and it was by mere chance that Mr. Sloane had discovered it by the game he was hunting having taken refuge there.

They now heard an Indian approach, who having searched in some of the many crevices of the rock, passed the one in which they were secreted, and giving a loud yell, bounded off in the direction of his companions. Mr. Sloane and his family now offered up their thanks to that kind Father, who had thus far preserved them from sharing the fate of the greater part of their neighbors—that of being carried into captivity, or of being slain by the tomahawk, and also implored Him to preserve their dear child Eliza from harm until she was restored to them. Although, at intervals, through the day, they heard the whoopings of the Indians, yet none came near their retreat. In the evening, Mr. Sloane ventured out of his covert, to seek some food for his family, as they had not eaten anything since breakfast, for in their hurry, they had not taken anything from the house excepting the clothing they had on. He soon procured some fish from the river, and some plants, which he knew were good for food;

with these he returned to his now almost destitute family, not forgetting to keep himself concealed as much as possible, lest he should be perceived by some straggling Indians. In this manner he obtained food, going out in the evening, and before daylight in the morning, as he might be discovered by the savages were he to go out in the open day.

After staying three days *in* and *near* this retreat, Mr. Sloane ventured to leave his family and cross the river, and if any of the inhabitants yet remained in the valley, to make inquiries after Eliza; also to look after his farm—his fields, waving with rich grain nearly ready for the harvest—his numerous flocks and herds, and all his property, which he was obliged to leave at the mercy of the Indians. Instead of this, a vast scene of desolation met his view. His house had been burnt, his cattle slaughtered, or driven off to supply the feasts of the savages—his fields ravaged, and their produce destroyed. As he proceeded farther, he found that the whole valley presented the same sad spectacle. The once luxuriant fields of Wyoming were now strewn with the dead; the trail of the enemy's line could be traced by the mangled carcasses of the bravest and best patriots of the valley.

Proceeding to the fort, which in some parts was shattered by the bullets of the enemy, he found collected in it almost all the present inhabitants of the valley, which consisted chiefly of decrepid old men, and the widows and orphans of those who had died defending their beloved homes. He learned that all those who had survived the battle, with strength to flee, had betaken themselves to the mountains, as those who were able to bear arms would have been taken prisoners, were they to remain. He could obtain no tidings of his daughter, and returned to his mournful family the bearer of such distressing intelligence, as to damp all their fondest hopes. Mr. Sloane now determined to take his family to the home of his ancestors, in the southern part of the state of New York, and there leave them while he went in search of his child. At length, after many fatigues and dangers, they arrived at the peaceful village where they had spent their early days.

Mr. Sloane and his family were cordially welcomed by their hospitable friends, who did all in their power to alleviate their sorrow. He was prevented from going personally in search of his child by the waning health of his wife; he sent numerous messages by travellers who went

among the Indians, but all in vain. The fatigues and terrors which attended that period of desolating ruin, which left them destitute, and the harrowing sorrow with which she mourned her lost one, of whom she never lived to receive any tidings, soon wrecked her constitution, unaccustomed to grief. One short year after their flight from Wyoming, in a soft slumber, her spirit took its flight to the Mansion of eternal bliss, where sorrow is exchanged for boundless joy.

Year after year rolled on, during which time the most unwearied efforts were made to ascertain the fate of Eliza, but all to no purpose. Mr. Sloane, now far advanced in the vale of life, and rapidly approaching the end of his pilgrimage, his dearest hopes of once more beholding his long lost child were blighted, and bidding adieu to earth at an advanced age, which to him had long been a scene of sorrow, he went to join his wife, and perhaps his daughter, in the Home of the wanderer.

* * * * * * *

In the year 1832, it happened that a tribe of the —— Indians came to trade at Chicago. One of the merchants dealing with them, noticed that the wife of the chief of the tribe had a complexion much lighter than that of the other Indians,

and by this he was led to suspect that she was a white woman by birth. Having a slight knowledge of the language of the tribe, he asked the aged woman some questions, to which she answered, "that she was not an Indian by birth, but had been taken captive by them, and that all she remembered of her childhood was, of having a dear father and mother; a brother older, and a sister and brother younger. When I was taken captive," said she, "I happened to have the miniature of my mother in a necklace. Of this my captors deprived me, but by the influence of an Indian, whose favorite I had become, 'my mother,' as I called it, was restored to me, and I have kept it safely till this day. I became fond of the Indian mode of living," she continued, "and was happy in chasing the wild inhabitants of the forest, the flesh of which supplied us with food. I married an Indian chief, and I have six children, two of whom are married to brave warriors. My father's name was Isaac Sloane, and my own Eliza Sloane. What became of my parents, and brothers and sister, I never learned, and this is the first time I have ever revealed myself to a white person."

The merchant to whom she related this, then told her that he was personally acquainted with

her elder brother, and that he would immediately send information of her discovery. She said, she would be very happy to see her brothers, but expressed no other mark of joy on receiving the intelligence. It would be useless to attempt describing the delight of the affectionate brothers and sister, (who are now among the most wealthy and respected inhabitants of Wyoming,) on receiving the unexpected but welcome intelligence, that their long lost sister was at last found. They immediately went to see her, but O, how changed! They found her thoroughly versed in the Indian customs, but utterly ignorant of civilization. She had even forgotten her native language, and was a complete pagan. For a person so thoroughly Indian, she seemed unusually pleased on seeing her brothers and sister, and showed them the miniature of her mother, which she said she intended to leave as a legacy to her eldest daughter. It was immediately recognized by them, and even the manly cheek of George was bedewed with a tear for his departed mother, while Eliza remained an unmoved observer of the scene. She resolutely refused to comply with their entreaties of returning with them to her native valley. She said that she was happy and contented as she was, and as she did not expect

to live much longer, she would spend the remainder of her days with her husband and children, who, with herself, spurned the idea of leaving their people. She is still living with her adopted tribe in a beautiful valley on one of the northern branches of the Mississippi, and is often visited by her brothers and sister, who have succeeded in renewing in her mind the great principles of Christianity. Her husband and children have also been instructed, and it is hoped that the capture of Eliza Sloane will be a means of converting this brave tribe to civilization and Christianity. Thus we see that out of evil cometh good.

Ward School, No. 10,
Fourth Ward.

FAREWELL TO EARTH.

BY MISS FRANCES Z. WENTWORTH.

Brothers, sisters, parents dear,
I bid ye all farewell,
My Saviour beckons me to come
For ever with him to dwell.

I know 'tis sad to leave ye here,
Where all's so fair yet false;
O! strive while here your lot is cast
To obey your Saviour's calls.

Whilst I before his sacred throne
Will oft in suppliance bend,
And pray that he in mercy may
A pardon to ye send.

Adieu to earth! to all farewell;
I go in heaven to dwell.
O! meet me brothers, sisters dear,
God's praise there to swell.

Parents and friends, all tried to save
That lov'd one from Death's embrace;
But he had gained too firm a grasp
For earthly power to release.

Ward School, No. 10,
Fourth Ward.

HYPOCRISY.

BY STEPHEN H. WEED.

My friends, the words to which I wish to direct your attention for your benefit to day are as follows. Mark you this—

> The devil can cite scripture for his purpose.
> An evil, producing holy witness,
> Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
> A goodly apple rotten at the heart;
> O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!

My hearers, if you do not, you ought to know who wrote these lines. No man but one could write any half as true, and who should he be but Shakspeare himself? My friends, if you ask me what I consider a *leetle* the most contemptible specimen of a man, I will point you to the finished hypocrite, and if any one shows me a meaner, I shall give up in despair, and never write another discourse, which you all know would be a great pity. My hearers, a hypocrite is an exceedingly wicked individual, and I mean to prove to you as clear as mud that he is a coward, a liar, a braggart, and a thief. He is a coward, because he dares not appear before the

world in his true character—he is a liar, because he assumes a virtue which he has not got—he is a braggart, because he boasts of his charity—and he is a thief, because he steals the name of virtue and does not practise it. Now, I ask you all, is not a hypocrite a precious villain? A hypocrite, my friends, will quote scripture to prove that he is justified in cheating the widow out of her last cent. What, I ask, can be more contemptible than a sniviling, red-nosed, blear-eyed, low-lived, cringing hypocrite? It is such men as these that bring disgrace upon holy things. My hearers, if in your pilgrimage through life, you ever chance to come across a hypocrite, as you are pretty sure to do, as they are plentifully scattered through the world, shun him as you would a foul toad, or a serpent. My friends, let me, in conclusion, admonish all of you, if you ever are tempted upon any consideration whatever to play a hypocrite's part, to think again and not do it. It may indeed serve your turn for the instant, but you will find in the end that a manly, straightforward course would have been more expedient, without speaking of your greater freedom of conscience, which let me assure you, should not go for nothing.

TOMBS.

BY MISS MARY A. DEEGAN.

Among the most interesting of a nation's monuments are its tombs; not only those of unknown age and solemn architecture, but even the least, the rudest of its church-yard slabs. This custom of commemorating the dead is as extensive as the human race. It is not confined to civilized or enlightened nations of the earth, nor is it yet equally prevalent among all. The Europeans have, in general, less affection for the sepulchres of their fathers than the Chinese. In this ancient and populous empire, among the first embellishments that beautify their high-ways and the suburbs of their cities, are the tombs of their ancestors; even the hills are made sacred by being the repositories of their fathers' bones. Among savage nations a still greater veneration is entertained for them. When it was proposed to some of them by Europeans to change a territory—what was the reply? "Shall we say to the tombs of our fathers, arise and accompany

us to a foreign land ?" This was the great and only difficulty that could not be overcome.

This veneration of the tombs, indicates that man expects after death a certain existence for, and with the departed, that makes him cling with fondness, and even pleasure, to what would produce dispondency and disgust, if he knew not the departed spirit would reanimate the mouldering clay.

A tomb is a monument erected to mark the boundary of two worlds. We see, and see not, that which it contains. We approach this place of neither parts nor magnitude, but of negative existence. It stirs up a sentiment of fear, being imperceptible but powerful, prevailing to divide, and yet to strengthen the ties of friendship and love. It presents to us an end of the vain disquietudes of life, with an image of everlasting rest, awaking a confused view of a blessed immortality. When such thoughts are excited in the heart, wonder not that it still clings to the mouldering dust, and venerates the spot where it reposes. Who could look on the tomb of Washington, and not feel an inspiration hallowing every leaf that stirs, and even our own thoughts! For awhile we live but with the departed; the memory of his greatness, his excellence, his

virtues alone fill our heart, and we gaze with respect and love on the green sod and simple tablet above the sleeper. Or, who of us can look upon a grave, the last repose of youth and beauty, the resting-place of a mother's love, of a father's hope, nor feel the voice that speaks to their very soul! There needs no sculptured pile to stir the heart—the humble epitaph carved by some rude chisel sympathises best with the tear of affection. The aged willow that overhangs the spot seems to mourn the departed. The grass, worn and trodden, speaks of many a prayer and tear poured forth to hallow the simple resting-place, and oft would the mourner fondly hope, when the soft notes of a spring bird fill the ear with melody, that the spirit still lingers near the sacred spot.

The first impression that tombs awaken in a virtuous mind is, that they are watch-towers of a departed people. He who loves not the tomb which holds his parent's earth, is unworthy in his turn to be loved. Though the affectedly refined deign not to view their last narrow house, pure nature thinks with complacency on the place and time that marks the limits of life, because she reads therein the will of her Creator.

Ward School, No. 10,
Fourth Ward.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

BY SAMUEL WALLACE.

The haunted house stood upon the summit of a hill, about three miles distant from my uncle's mansion. It had not been tenanted for years, and was entirely surrounded, and nearly hidden from view by spreading shade trees and luxuriant growing vines; and, on the whole, was as gloomy a place as you would wish to see. It was a summer's holiday, that myself and my two companions, Charles Short and Bill Codlin, determined upon visiting and exploring it. We prepared ourselves with utensils necessary to our expedition. Charles carried a step-ladder and ropes, with which we intended to climb up to any portion of the house that might have fallen down, or have been decayed, while Billy Codlin carried a lamp, with a box of matches. Your humble servant an axe. Thus fully armed and equipped, and ready for service, we started on our journey; all went on well till we reached the centre of a wood that crossed our path. We were walking

along, when all of a sudden we saw something coming toward us. Bill took out his pocket-knife, and tried to look exceedingly brave. Charley made a slip knot in his rope, and placed his ladder against a tree, and ascended it rapidly; prepared for anything that might happen, as for me I had no time for thought, for scarcely had the above named preparations taken place, before Bill let drop his knife, took to his heels, supposing all was lost, and commenced bellowing with stentorian lungs, Thieves! Murder! Help! Ho! Ghosts! &c. Bill soon came running back with the hobgoblin, and lo! it was our own dog. Peace being restored, we travelled onward till we reached the house. Having placed our ladder, we ascended, and opening the door, searched the premises from the first floor to the garret; only one place remained to be visited—that was the cellar. We lighted our lamp; I took the axe and led the van; Bill took the middle, while Charley brought up the rear. We descended to the cellar. I took good care to be nearest the stairs. But stop! what is that standing in the cellar—it is advancing toward us. If any of my readers had been near at that time they would surely have thought that we were a little frightened. One grand rush was made for the

stairs, up which we put in considerably less time than it took us to come down. Out into the lane and down it, the monster after us; neither of us turned his head once to see what it was till we were entirely out of sight of the house, when we did, O, such a sight! I will never forget that moment; there right behind us, and advancing toward us, was an object calculated to make the stoutest heart tremble with fear, viz. an *old he-goat*.

Ward School, No. 19,
Fifteenth Ward.

HONESTY.

BY THEODORE J. HUSTED.

"HONESTY is the best policy." Some people think that to conform strictly to the rules of honesty, and succeed in business, is out of the question. But is it so? Is it necessary, in order to prosper in our worldly concerns, to deceive? Although, at the end of life, we should not have as much money as our neighbor, by a few hundred dollars, would not an approving conscience be better than heaps of gold obtained by dishonest means? For my part, I think it would, for we would not only have an approving conscience, but also a hope of an eternity of happiness hereafter. We should also enjoy peace of mind upon earth, and when called to die would not be tormented with the thunderings of the inward monitor;—and, if sometimes persons commit acts that are not honest, and speak things that are not true, they say "our neighbors do so; why should not we do the same?" To be punctual in our engagements and just in our dealings,

though it may sometimes seem to be contrary to our present advantage, is, in the end, sure to promote our best interests. A fair course of conduct will always be rewarded by the approbation of our fellow men, and this will be followed by grateful returns, which will tend to promote and give success to all our undertakings; and if any person would try the experiment, I think he would say, that honesty is indeed the best policy.

Ward School, No. 14,
First Ward.

THE TRIO.

MERCY, FRIENDSHIP, HOPE.

BY MISS CATHARINE M. BLANEY.

O, Mercy! thou who for mankind,
The tenderest pities feel,
O! deign on me to cast one look,
That will thy love reveal.

And thou, O Friendship! sacred tie
That binds each heart to heart;
O! may thy gifts on me descend,
And may we never part.

And were it not for thee, sweet Hope!
How sad our lot on earth,
If we ne'er thought of things above,
Its pleasures, and its mirth!

Ward School, No. 10,
Fourth Ward.

Note.—The above was composed in school, this afternoon, between recitations; and if it has any merit, it being *purely* original, forms no small portion of that merit.—J. P.

June 29th, 1848.

BEWARE OF TEMPTATION.

BY STEPHEN H. WEED.

A SMALL village in the northern part of this state was the birth-place of two persons, a brief summary of whose lives it is my intention to give. The names which I have inserted are fictitious, the circumstances are entirely true.

Charles Hall was born of poor but strictly honest parents, both of whom were members of the village church, and "walked uprightly in the fear of the Lord." He was taught from childhood to abhor deception and dishonesty, in whatever shape it was manifested; and he learned the rigid lesson of self-denial from that stern master, poverty. He was sent to an excellent school in the village, where he paid his tuition by sweeping, making fires, &c. Here he soon became noted for his studiousness and for his intellectual capacity, and he soon became one of the best scholars in the academy.

William Clarkson, as I said in the commencement, was born in the same village, but he was

the son of the richest man in the county. He was the only child of his parents, and had always been treated with the greatest indulgence, the consequence was that he became proud and overbearing towards all whom he considered his inferiors, that is, those who were poorer than himself. He was placed in the village school, where he remained until he was sixteen years of age, when he was sent to a college, where we shall leave him for the present.

It was at this time that Charles Hall, by the death of both his parents, was left at the age of sixteen alone in the world and destitute; but he was not discouraged; he had a very good education; he had youth and health, and by the sale of his little furntture he received twenty dollars. The situation in which he was now placed, made him have the thoughts and feelings of a man, and he determined to set out for the city of New York, where he intended, if possible, to enter a lawyer's office. It is not necessary that we should follow him upon his journey; enough to say, that he arrived here, and after being reduced to the lowest extreme of poverty, he succeeded in obtaining a situation in a desirable place in the lower part of our city. He now, conscious that his success in life depended upon his own

conduct, firmly determined to shun all the temptations which a large city held out to him; and to strive by the most persevering industry in the discharge of his duty, to gain the good will and confidence of his employer.

Six years have passed, and we will again introduce our two heroes. It is ten o'clock in the evening. In an humble room, in a retired part of the city, sat Charles Hall. He was deeply engaged in the study of a book which lay open on the table before him. The next day he was to try his first cause, and he was naturally anxious for the result. During the six years which he had been in his present situation, he had acquired an excellent knowledge of the law, and he had been entered at the bar under the patronage of some of our best lawyers. We will now go to a different part of the city, and to a far different scene. In a sumptuous apartment of a large building in Park Row, sat a party of young men busily engaged over a game of cards. Among these we may easily recognize our old acquaintance William Clarkson. Since we first introduced him, six years ago, he has been expelled in disgrace from college, and is now living gaily in the city, that is, he is fast travelling the high road to ruin. He has fallen into the hands

of sharpers, and fortunate, indeed, will he be if he escapes from them. Another six years have passed. He is now a well-known gambler and drunkard. He has since we last saw him, like the "Prodigal son," wasted his substance; but unlike him he has no father to return to. After, by his imprudence, being reduced to poverty, he made a feeble effort to obtain an honest living; he entered a store, and for a short time he was honest and industrious, but the taste for gambling which he had acquired was too strong for him to resist, and being suspected of dishonesty he was discharged—he then became a professional gambler.

Charles Hall in the meantime has entered into partnership with the man who befriended him when he was poor and destitute; and he is now one of the most celebrated lawyers in the city. Still another six years have passed, and it is again ten o'clock in the evening; but how differently are those of whom I write, now situated from what they were twelve years ago! In a beautifully furnished apartment in one of the most fashionable parts of the city sat Charles Hall. He was reading aloud to a lady who was listening to him with much attention. Since last we saw him, he has been married to the

daughter of his benefactor; and he is now wealthy and happy. Eighteen years since he entered the city a poor destitute and friendless boy, but with a fixed determination of being honest, and of obtaining his bread by the most persevering industry—and we see the result.

Let us now go to a far gloomier scene. In a miserable building of one of the lowest sections of the city, the coroner and his jury are holding an inquest upon a dead body. Let us enter. We would scarce recognise in the bloated features of the dead—William Clarkson; yet it is he. Let us listen to the verdict which is rendered, it is "death by delirium tremens;" and this is he who sixteen years ago entered the city, full of life and hope; yet he yielded to the temptations which were thrown in his way, and he has sunk into a drunkard's grave. Reader! Let each one of us utter in all sincerity the prayer, "Lead us not into temptation."

Ward School, No. 2,
Seventeenth Ward.

CHARITY.

BY MISS HANNAH BAILIE.

CHARITY does not only comprehend the giving of our substance to the poor and needy, but it also enjoins upon us love to our neighbor, and mankind at large. It is referred to in the Scriptures, not only as an embellishing trait of the human character, but as a duty which we should all endeavor to practise.

In the exercise of this virtue we not only conduce to the happiness of others, but we also augment our own. Charity is the moving principle in the life of a true, and faithful Christian. It leads him to drop the gentle tear of sympathy over the sorrows and misfortunes of others, and to cover, rather than expose the faults of his erring brethren, to the gaze of a cold, selfish, censorious world. It enables him to seek out, and restore to the paths of virtue those who have wandered and gone astray. How often the gentle word, or kind look, of sympathising Charity, soothes and relieves the heart that is surcharged

with grief. Let us then, whatever situation in life we may be placed, endeavor to practise this virtue towards our sorrowing and suffering fellow-creatures.

WARD SCHOOL, No. 2,
Seventeenth Ward.

OBEDIENCE.

BY MISS EMMA C. SHERMAN.

NEXT to our duty to God is our duty to our parents. He made them our guides, because they are wiser than we can be, and than any other earthly friends. How miserable the poor orphans must feel who have no kind parents to care for them! The greatest loss that can happen to a child is to be deprived of its kind father and mother. While we have such parents, let us never be so ungrateful as to disobey them. When our parents are absent, we should perform their commands the same as if they were present. When we are in school, let us consider it a privilege to be there, and give our whole attention to our teachers. We

should always treat old persons with respect, for the Bible commands us to do so. Sad accidents often happen to children who are disobedient—some are killed and others are made cripples for life. The first thing that is required of a child is obedience to its superiors. It is for our good that our parents tell us what to do. We should be very thankful to God that he has spared our kind parents. We do not always know the reason of their commands, nor is it necessary that we should, but we should ever cheerfully perform them.

Ward School, No. 10,
Fourth Ward.

THE MOTHER'S DEATH.

BY MISS HARRIET ROE.

See the sun, at close of day,
Calmly gliding down the west!
Mark the soft expiring ray,
Lingering to denote the way
Where he sinks to rest.

So, in peace, her spirit fled,
Bright amid the shades of death
Thus, around the dying bed,
Mild and heavenly lustre spread
At the parting breath.

When from earthly pain and grief—
From the cold world's scorn and sin,
She in Heaven had sought relief;
Full of days, a golden sheaf,
She was gathered in.

She had fought the goodly fight—
She the Father's will had done
Till her raven locks were white,
Then to wear a crown of light,
She the race had won.

Ward School, No. 2,
Seventeenth Ward.

THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

BY MISS GEORGEANNA LYONS.

"EARTH hath a thousand tongues," how true! Even the tiny flowers have a language. What speaks more eloquently of fidelity than the wall-flower, clinging to the ruins?—and how modesty beams from the violet. Surely these are tokens of God's love; how their varied colors and forms delight us. If we ascend a mountain, we will find its sides and summit ornamented by small wild flowers, of varied species, presenting a rich field, not only to the lover of nature, but to the botanist. Would a person, unacquainted with Botany, look for beauty in a cabbage-leaf? Yet we find that it has the same delicately traced veins and organs that exist in the beauteous petals of the rose. The earth affords instruction to all who are willing to learn, and the beauty it opens to our view, elevates and purifies our hearts, teaching us to look up to Him who creates all this beauty. The storms have a beauty, though it is of a strange wild nature; so have the winds that

sweep along in low and gentle murmurs, like the soft breathing of a lute, or that cool our heated brows, at the same time wafting the perfume of numerous flowers to our charmed senses.—What sound makes us feel the power of God more than thunder? Or what dazzles us with its brilliant light as does the forked lightning? Vainly must the poet and painter vie in their attempts to delineate and portray the sublime beauty of the volcano, spouting forth fire and lava, devastating and destroying. Was there not a dread mingled with our feelings, as we gaze upon the ocean in a storm, knowing that none save "He who ruleth over all things" hath power to control it. We would say that it too is beautiful. We have seen its waves seemingly motionless, and in its hour of calmness, have deemed it gloriously beautiful. The sun that dispenseth light and heat, both to the good and bad, what being so insensible to beauty as to view its rising or setting without experiencing an indefinable sensation that borders on ecstacy. Wondering he gazes, and yet when the dark blue vault of heaven, gemmed with innumerable stars, or graced by the fair queen of night, meets his gaze, he finds it ofttimes difficult to give an opinion as to which is the most beautiful. I love to look at the sky,

and watch the stars as they slowly move eastward; how many forms will imagination give them, and while thus engaged, how soon we get lost in thought, and how much happier we feel after such musings. Nor are the rocks without beauty, although of a different character; yet they are lovely too; not straight, but craggy; here a wild flower, and there a little grassy knoll, perhaps a tree which seems ready to fall, so slender is the stem by which it is supported, and to see that tree when a storm comes, it bends, and is saved, while a stronger one will try to oppose the winds, and is broken.

And shall we profit by the lessons taught by these objects; or shall we pass carelessly by them, only gazing at, and admiring their beauty, without deriving lessons of improvement? No, from the wall-flower which clings to the ruins, let us learn to be true in adversity; and from the fragrant flowers which dispense their favors to all, learn to be kind and gentle to all around, giving without expecting a return; the ocean teaches God's power; the strong tree which tries to resist the storm, may be compared to men who battle with the trials of life, while women, like the weaker tree, bends under her trials, feeling that He who caused them can also restore her to hap-

piness again, she rises above them all, and is thereby able to support and console man: and when we consider that all "the beauties of nature" are given to us frail things of dust, as free gifts, together with the many blessings we receive at God's hands, should we not be willing to bear cheerfully what seems to us as evils.

Ward School, No. 10,
Fourth Ward.

EXERCISE.

BY THEODORE J. HUSTED.

Without proper exercise of the body, its health cannot be maintained—the countenance becomes pale, the body weak, and the spirits depressed. On the contrary, regular exercise creates a healthy appetite, causes sound and refreshing sleep, produces a freshness of complexion, and a cheerfulness of spirits; it wards off disease, and tends to preserve the vigor of both mind and body to an advanced age. During the winter season, active exercise in the open air preserves the warmth of the body, and ren-

ders it less susceptible to the influence of cold, and less dependent on artificial heat, for its comfort.

The times of the day best adapted to exercise, are early in the morning and towards its close. Walking is the most natural, and it is considered the best kind of exercise, because, in the upright position, every part of the body is free from restraint, unnatural pressure or obstruction. In the act of walking, a free circulation of the blood is produced. Many other kinds of exercise may be considered as contributing to the support of health, such as working, running, leaping, dancing, and swimming.

Ward School, No 14,
First Ward.

THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

BY B. S. RAYNER.

New-York was first settled by the Dutch, at Albany, in 1634; but two-thirds of the present inhabitants are of English origin, by way of emigration from New-England.

Its natural features are the most sublime and beautiful in the whole Union. The Cataract of Niagara, where the mighty waters of the great Lakes are poured over a perpendicular precipice of 160 feet, is the grandest in the world. It has more Lakes than any other State in the Union. In addition to Erie and Ontario, there are the Champlain, Oneida, Chautauque, Crooked, Canandaigua, Skaneateles, Black, Owasco, Long, Pisceo, Otsego, Schroon, Rockland, George, Cayuga and Seneca—the three last of which are much admired for their beauty.

New-York is the most celebrated State in the Union for its mineral springs; among which those at Saratoga and Ballston are pre-eminent, and are visited by the fashionable and the invalid

from all parts of the world. Its Salt Springs are the most productive in the Union, yielding annually about three million bushels of salt.

New York stands first in public improvements. The Erie Canal, 363 miles in length, is not only the longest, but the earliest, of any importance, and by far the most productive, in the Union. There is also a continuous line of Railroad, through the same distance, to Buffalo, and which is soon to be continued to New York, 160 miles further. The Croton Aqueduct, for supplying the city of New York with wholesome water, is one of the grandest works of this kind in the world. It was commenced in 1835, was seven years in building, and cost over twelve millions of dollars. It is 45 miles in length, eight feet in diameter, and can discharge sixty millions of gallons daily. The High-bridge over the Harlem river, nearly completed, will add one million more to the expense.

The State of New York stands first in the Union in point of population. It now numbers three millions of inhabitants.

It is the first in wealth.

It is the first in commerce. More than one half of the total imports of the Union, and more

than one-fourth of the total exports, are made by New York.

It stands first in the Union in the number and size of its cities. The city of New York is the largest and wealthiest in America; and, next to London, the most commercial city in the world. The assessed value of its real and personal estate is about two hundred and fifty millions of dollars. There are eight other populous and flourishing cities, and fifty-eight counties.

Finally, the State of New York stands first in regard to popular education. More than five hundred thousand children are taught annually in its Public Schools; and in addition to these, there are 270 Academies, 11 Colleges, and one University.

Lastly, New-York stands first and foremost in the number of its *rogues*, and in its accommodations for them—there being three State Prisons, one at Sing Sing, another at Auburn, and one in Clinton county—one more than any other state in the Union.

Ward School, No. 2,
Seventeenth Ward.

HISTORY AS A STUDY.

BY MISS JANE MC'NESPIC.

WHETHER pursued as a recreation or study, there is perhaps no employment in which the mind engages, so highly promotive of mental development as the careful perusal of history. Viewed in the light of recreation solely, and as a relief to the stern and dry routine of scholastic study, no one, I am sure, will pretend that a leisure hour spent in acquiring knowledge of the past—of comparing the world that was with the world that is—of drawing analogies between the habits, customs and manners of those that were and those that are, is less conducive to actual enjoyment than the time that is wasted in pouring over the pages of fiction—now weeping at imaginary woes, now longing for ideal happiness, as the author is pleased to represent the picture of one or the other.

Surely, whether we are in a lachrymose or risible vein—whether we wish to give vent to feelings of mirth or sadness, from the field of

history, and within its ample range, we can gather material to satisfy every appetite. If illustration were needed, we might refer for the one to that king who, in his regal simplicity, burned his fingers in baking his cakes, or to the strange taste of the founders of the Roman empire, who received their early nourishment from the paps of a wolf; for the other, to the monstrous and unnatural atrocities which have rendered the infamies of Nero and Caligula immortal.

With the view of history as a pastime of the mind, let us look a moment at it as a study. As the rainbow spans the sky, reaching from one of its vast extremes to the other, so history, pinnacled on the utmost verge of the past, and completely occupying its whole ground, grasps with its giant hand every incident of immortality, and throws its broad light over the darkness of bygone ages, familiarizing the mind with objects as ancient as the world. It is, in fact, the great fountain of human knowledge, to whose clear waters the learned of all ages have had resort—the distributing reservoir which supplies the poet with song, and the sage with lore—the biography of Time itself, and the mysterious link which binds the living with the dead.

In its light, Adam and Eve, Menes and Ce-

crops, Dido and Romulus, Philip and Alexander, Mahomet and Egbert, Columbus and Cortez, are household terms. Old blades, rusty and worn out with service, gleam again in the brightness of unsullied steel. Voices, long hushed in death, break with a power of resurrection upon our literary ears. The eloquence which held the human mind entranced, as it burst fresh from the lips of the Grecian orator, is reconveyed by history's page to our admiring senses. Deeds of valor and of virtue, which it has faithfully garnished, are again emblazoned to our view, prompting our ambition to follow in their train, so as to secure for ourselves an enviable niche in the temple of enduring fame. Oh! who can study history without being stimulated to fresh exertion in the cause of right—without feeling of what great things man's tutored energies, properly directed, are capable; without lamenting that the powers of the human soul have been so little understood and so sadly misapplied. It is, or ought to be, to the reader what the sign board is to the traveller, clearly indicating the road, and with its significant index finger pointing the way to the desired goal of true greatness; and, as the light-house indicates to the mariner his distance from or ap-

proach to the coast, so, in the voyage of life, history throws the illumination of its signal fires upon the pathway of the present, and serves as a beacon to man in his pilgrimage through time to eternity. Had we opportunity, volumes might be written in praise of this study; but we have the sanction of inspiration for the acquisition of the science. "Know thyself" is a command which we are not at liberty to disobey, and there is no surer means of acquaintance with ourselves than the study of our kind.

Ward School, No 1,
Twelfth Ward.

A CHRISTMAS DREAM.

BY MISS ELLEN WHITE.

One Christmas eve, Minetta and Iretta Stevens hung up their stockings very carefully in the chimney corner, and after saying their prayers, went to bed. They were telling each other what they would like to have for their Christmas present, when they fell asleep. Minetta dreamed that she was in bed, peeping at her stockings, to see if there was any thing in them, when she heard a noise in the chimney, which started her very much. She saw a very little man come down the chimney, in a very small open carriage, drawn by two white ponies. The carriage having drawn up by the stockings, the footman, with surprising alacrity, jumped down from his place behind the carriage, and with great politeness pulled down the steps for his master to descend. This gentleman, who was no other than his majesty St. Nicholas himself, seemed to be only about two feet six inches high. He was dressed in black, and wore a white wig on his head, that made him look

quite comical. He approached Minetta's stockings, and whispered something to the footman; however, it was not in so low a tone but what Minetta could distinctly hear what he said. He asked him "what he thought she would like best?" St. Nicholas put his hand in his pocket, and after some deliberation, brought out a beautiful wax-doll, which seemed to be nearly as large as himself. This he placed on a little stool by the fire-place.

Minetta was delighted with the sight of her doll, and almost fancied she had it in her arms. One thing seemed to puzzle her, that was, how he could find room for such a large doll in his small pocket. This gentleman then took out of his other pocket a handsome book and a box of toys, which he put in her stockings, as well as he could; then returned to his carriage, and by some invisible means, was drawn up the chimney. Minetta awoke at this time, and ran to her stockings to see if her dream was true, but alas! it was all a dream.

Ward School, No. 10,
Fourth Ward.

A SKETCH OF WESTERN LIFE.

BY FRANCIS J. MC'HUGH.

On the banks of the Ohio, in Kentucky, stood a Log Cabin surrounded by a little farm.

It was evening, and the inmates of the house had just finished their evening meal.

Sixteen months had passed since William Grafton had left "the land of steady habits," and during that time, he had labored faithfully to make his rude dwelling comfortable, and his farm productive; he had been very successful—he had been cheered by the assistance and companionship of his wife and children, whom he dearly loved; and as he sat by his door on that evening, musing on the past, and looking forward to the future, he forgot his daily care and toil; his heart was raised in thankfulness to God for the many blessings He had given him.

The children were asleep, and the emigrant's wife was seated by her husband's side.

"Mary," said he suddenly, "are you thinking of our 'far New England home,' and re-

regretting the dear friends from whom we found it so hard to part ?"

" Do our evenings seem more lonely when contrasted with the happy hours we used to spend in our *old* quiet home ?" " No, no, William," she replied, " with you and our dear children, my home, even here in this wilderness, is a happy one, and were it not for the dread of those fearful savages, which I so often feel, I could be quite contented."

" Well," said her husband, " it is wrong to anticipate evil. We must put our trust in Providence, and if the Indians should see fit to pay us a visit, we will defend ourselves to the last. John can load a rifle, and fire it too, as well as I can myself ; we are not without means of defence."

A very short time after this conversation William Grafton was one night roused from his slumbers by a kind of sawing noise close to his dwelling. He went to the door, and looking through a small crack, what was his dismay when he saw three Indians trying to raise a pretty good sized log.

In a moment his family were up and dressed. In the mean time he had taken down the arms, consisting of two rifles, two muskets and a pair

of pistols, which he and John now busily engaged themselves in loading.

John stationed himself at a loop-hole near the window, through which he saw the Indians approach the door with the log, for the purpose of forcing an entrance—they were within ten paces, when the settler fired, and one of the Indians fell pierced by a bullet. The death of this Indian enraged his comrades, who, instead of retreating behind the trees for shelter as they are wont to do, pressed forward; the log is raised, in a moment the door will be driven in, but before that moment passed, the father and son fired at the same time, and both Indians, with a yell, dropped on the ground, one killed, the other mortally wounded.

Their comrades who had remained by the canoe, on the bank of the river, appeared to be consulting together, and agreeing upon a new plan of attack. A few moments all but one rushed to the door, and while they were breaking it open, he, under cover of their attack, tried to set fire to the house. With what consternation do the inhabitants of that Log Cabin see, by the bright moonlight, these fierce looking savages, six or eight in number, advancing to the attack! The father takes his post with his rifle

in his hand, and a musket and pistol lying beside him.

John was stationed near the window. The Indians made a halt; one of their number struck a fire, and placed it immediately under the window at which John was posted. At a given signal they now made another rush at the door, but they met with another repulse, and two more of their number were killed.

The savages by this time were seized with dismay, and all except one retreated, he remained to stir up the fire which he had lighted, but John had discovered it, and with admirable presence of mind, had emptied the contents of a water cask upon it. Seeing all their plans defeated, all with one consent took aim at John—but fortunately their arrows did him no *serious* injury. After doing this, they fled to the river, carrying with them their dead and wounded companions, and jumping into their canoe, were soon out of sight.

The settler and his family, on seeing them depart, sank on their knees, and thanked God for their almost miraculous deliverance.

Ward School, No. 5,
Eleventh Ward.

TEACHINGS OF HISTORY.

BY THADDEUS MAHONY.

Among the many studies which are presented to the consideration of youth, as the means whereby they can acquire that knowledge which is so necessary to fit them for the duties of after life, history is one of the most interesting.

The mind is ever restless, and loves to leave the present for other times, and we turn to history where we can obtain that knowledge of the past, which is denied us of events to come. It is this that enables us to leave the dull studies, and look in imagination upon the heroes and sages of by-gone days. We may visit a world peopled with the great and good of every nation; one of which we can never weary, for no matter how long we may contemplate it, we find something to amuse and instruct.

Geography merely points out the position of a place, but history attaches to it that interest which gives it importance in our eyes. Whence the interest that the sight of Corsica awakens, or

the sympathy we feel, as we look upon the barren rock of St Helena, while Borneo abounds in all that can gratify the taste, and Australia rears itself from the bosom of the deep Pacific, covered with all the productions of the tropics, and concealing beneath its surface many valuable minerals, if history did not point us to the rapid career of Napoleon, as starting from his island home, he sought that eminence which, though gained, rendered the future more degrading. Surrendering himself to one of his most powerful enemies, he was condemned to the care of strangers; to end his days upon that inhospitable and rocky island.

Many examples might be mentioned, but, when we look at our Republic, where the paths of the mighty and the good lead to liberty, we see the safety with which the liberties of the country were intrusted to their care. If we study its history, we find many things to render us grateful to God and its founders. After suffering for many years the injustice and oppression of England, they burst the bonds that bound them to the mother country, and the 4th of July, 1776, gave the world the "Declaration of Independence." Led by George Washington, the war was continued with varying success, until the

race was won and the colonies were free. We gaze with satisfaction upon his conduct during this struggle, but we are forced to greater admiration when, resigning his commission, he was content with an humble home, thus deserving to be "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

History teaches us also how to value the country, in noticing its appearance, when the white man first beheld it. Possessed by a simple people, differing in person and customs, and cultivating but little, the whites saw its advantages, and the Indian is gone. As one State after another has been settled, they have been constantly receding, until those remaining have found a new home beyond the broad valley of the Mississippi. This scanty tract is given them for their hunting grounds, and if they dared to resist, they were driven with blood-hounds from the homes of their fathers.

Where the Indian once roamed in the chase, cities have sprung up, and the sound of the hammer and the axe is heard, where, but a century ago, the silence was unbroken, except by the cry of the wild beast as he sought his prey. Thus, as history shows us the past, and we compare its advance in wealth and population with that

of other countries, we must perceive a marked difference. How thankful then ought we be that we live in a country whose religious and political liberty is unequalled by any other government. And it is the duty of every one to be well acquainted with the history and institutions of his country, especially as they hold, in a great measure, the reins of government.

WARD SCHOOL, No. 10,
Fourth Ward.

THE DEATH OF TWO FIREMEN.

BY GEORGE BEARDSLEY.

ABOUT 4 o'clock on Sunday morning, April 2, a fire broke out in the sugar house of Mr. Harris, in Duane Street. While the fire was raging, and the firemen were using their best exertions to subdue the devouring element, the building fell and buried two members of the Fire Department, and about a dozen more were injured, many of them severely. For several days after, the engine houses were hung in mourning. The funeral of George Kerr and

Henry Fargis (the two men that were killed) took place on Tuesday following, and was a solemn and imposing spectacle. The whole Fire Department was out with craped banners and muffled drums—the procession of mourners could not have numbered less than four or five thousand. Mr. Kerr was an Assistant Engineer, and leaves a widow and several children, on whom the Common Council of the city have settled as a life annuity the interest of one thousand dollars; Mr. Fargis was Assistant Foreman of Engine Company No. 38. On Mr. Fargis's coffin were his hat and trumpet, which were very much battered; behind the coffin his father and his two brothers. These tokens of sympathy and sorrow are the least return we can make for the services of the civil heroes who fall in endeavoring to rescue our property from destruction.

Ward School, No. 2,
Seventeenth Ward.

THE DYING GIRL'S FAREWELL.

BY MISS JULIA ADELAIDE TYSON.

Draw near me, dearest mother,
I feel I'm dying now,
Death's icy hand is on my cheek,
I feel it press my brow.

Oh! many a day I've passed, mother,
In joy and merry mirth,
But now they all have fled away,
Like the fleeting things of earth.

'Tis hard to leave thee, mother,
For thou art old and grey;
And I know not what may be thy lot,
For many a coming day.

Plant flowers above my grave, mother,
And lay me 'neath a tree,
And when the mound is o'er me,
Oh! do not weep for me.

Farewell! Farewell, dear mother,
I cannot longer speak;
Farewell! Farewell to all my friends,
Oh! do not for me weep.

She spoke no more; her eyelids closed;
Fast fleeting sped her breath,
And e'er the glorious sun went down,
Her form was cold in death.

WARD SCHOOL, No. 10,
Fourth Ward.

THE ORPHANS,

OR VIRTUE REWARDED.

BY MISS HARRIET ROE.

IN a quiet valley, about a mile from the village of K——, stood the cottage of Lucy Frost. It was almost buried in wood, indeed, it seemed as if a space had been cleared in this nook to make room for it and the little garden by which it was surrounded. It was a small but trim and snug looking dwelling; its white walls partially covered with sweetbrier and honeysuckle, forming an agreeable contrast to the weather-stained and moss-grown thatch. Mrs. Frost had been early left a widow with two children, a girl and a boy, endeared to her by the memory of that father who fell fighting in his country's battles. These, she had by her industry been enabled to support

in respectability and comfort. Before, however, the eldest had attained her eighth year, their mother was attacked by a malignant fever, which baffled the power of medicine, and in six weeks brought her to the grave.

It was on a calm and beautiful summer's evening that she lay reclining upon that bed from which she was never more to rise. A hand of each of her little darlings was clasped in hers, while at her feet, in deep and silent sorrow, stood her youngest sister Hannah. Lucy felt that she was dying, yet there played upon her features a smile, to which the setting sun, as he flung his golden beams into the chamber, imparted an almost supernatural radiance, as if a foretaste of a blessed eternity was there to smooth her passage from a world to which, with all its troubles, she was bound by many a tender tie of parental and sisterly affection. It was a smile of thankfulness for the strength that had been given her in the hour of trial, and for the consolation of knowing that her sister Hannah had promised to be a mother to her children, and would endeavor to bring them up in the path into which it had been her chief care to guide their infant feet. The scene soon closed; the last struggle was given, and all was still. In

two days after, the burial train of Mrs. Frost was seen winding slowly through the village churchyard. Her melancholy duty being performed, Hannah returned with her adopted ones to the cottage, there to seek consolation from the holy volume, whose light had guided her sister through the "dark valley and shadow of death." Hannah was scarcely nineteen, with a countenance remarkably comely from its expression of modesty and good humor; these qualities, combined with her domestic accomplishments, (and they merit the title as much as do the more refined acquirements of polished life,) procured for her many and very advantageous offers of marriage, but, friendless though she was, she would listen to nothing that could possibly interfere with the sacred stewardship, to which she had so generously devoted herself. And well and faithfully did she discharge it, and abundantly did she feel herself rewarded, as well by the consciousness of performing her sister's dying request, as by the love of the dear orphans who were growing up in the paths of virtue under her eye. They were children of good capacities, which she did not suffer to remain unimproved; affectionate towards each other, and warmly attached to their aunt. For three or

four years did this young woman manage by the most persevering industry to support herself and her young charges; but provisions at length becoming dear, she found herself no longer competent to the task.

Things gradually grew worse—they were often reduced to a meal a day, and that meal a crust. The want of proper nourishment rendered her less capable of exertion, so that she began to look forward to the time when she would have to resign her darlings to the parish. Still she did not repine. While the natural buoyancy of youth kept up the spirits of the children, nor as they knelt each morn and eve in united prayer, were their hearts less grateful than when their board was more plentifully furnished.

It happened one day, while their affairs were in this unpromising posture, that little George had been dispatched to the village on some errand by his aunt, and as he was returning, his natural civility and obliging disposition prompted him to open a gate for a gentleman on horseback. George, without waiting for thanks, continued on his way, when the horseman calling him back flung him a six-pence for his trouble, and perceiving him return to the village as soon as he had made his bow for his present, became some-

what curious to know in what manner he would dispose of it. He accordingly stopped his horse, and watched the little fellow enter a baker's shop, and soon coming forth with a loaf of bread under his arm, he scampered off to Hannah's cottage, where it was indeed most welcome, for they had tasted nothing the whole day. On the following evening, Hannah was sitting at work in her little room, George and his sister (the former on a bench and the latter on her knees) amusing themselves with a game. Their kind aunt occasionally looking from her work upon their happy faces, sighed deeply when she considered of how short duration their happiness was likely to be, and how soon they would be compelled to exchange her roof and care for the workhouse, and it might be, hard taskmasters. On a sudden they heard the tramp of a horse on the gravelled walk which led up to the cottage, and the next moment the door was opened by a person whom George recognized as the donor of the six-pence, and Hannah, as the owner of a splendid domain in the neighborhood. With the frankness of a gentleman, he explained to Hannah, that the behavior of her nephew the day before had excited his curiosity, and led to inquiries which resulted in his being made acquainted with her past history

and present circumstances, and that his admiration of her conduct had determined him on doing all he could to serve them. William Landgrave, although very wealthy and generous, was a sensible man, and well knew that the happiness of persons so far from being promoted, is often marred by their being suddenly lifted out of the sphere in which they have been accustomed to move. He therefore proposed to Hannah, that as he was about to go abroad for a considerable period, she should act as housekeeper at his establishment in his absence, and her little niece with her ; George should run of errands under the steward's care. It is scarcely necessary to say that this proposal was joyfully embraced. When he returned, he was so well satisfied with the conduct of the objects of his benevolence, that he continued to take care of them. He gave George, after educating him, the situation of clerk and general manager of his affairs, while his sister was high in the favor and confidence of his daughter, who treated her as a sister. Hannah married an industrious farmer, and still continued to watch over the orphans.

THOUGHTS.

BY MISS HARRIET ROE.

I would not die in winter,
When flowers have passed away;
But I would sigh my last sigh,
In the pleasant month of May.

I would have birds about me,
To sing me unto death,
And green trees answering sweetly,
To the low gale's gentle breath.

The blossoms should be gleaming,
Beneath an azure sky,
With the infant spring around me,
It is thus that I would die.

With the new blown rose unfolding,
And the bright winged butterfly,
All emblems of a fairer world,
It is thus that I would die.

Ward School, No. 2,
Seventeenth Ward.

A TRIP UP THE HUDSON.

BY MISS JANE C. KEYS.

As I was sitting in my room a few evenings ago, I thought I should like to take a trip up the Hu lson. Accordingly I made arrrangements to start the next morning at 7 o'clock, in that splendid steamer, the Santa Claus. At 7 o'clock, according to announcement, we started; the steamer puffing and blowing like a thing of life. Ding dong rang the bells of the different steamboats as we passed on our joyous trip. Away we went over the water like a sea gull, now riding on the waves, now flouncing in the water, as if in sportive gladness. The Santa Claus is truly a floating palace, with its large saloons and magnificent furniture, and every thing, in fact, to delight and make the passengers comfortable. After I left the wharf, I sauntered to the promenade deck, in order that I might enjoy the surrounding scenery. I thought I was in a fairy land, but when I looked into the water I found my mistake, for I was

still on board of the steamboat. What most attracted my attention were the palisade rocks. They are truly, sublimely beautiful—towering above the water, as if to protect the land from the rude dash of the rushing waters. They are one of the most wonderful works of nature. We stopped at West Point, both to land and take passengers. It is a beautiful village, and is, as you all know, a military post, situated on the west bank of the Hudson. A military academy was established here in 1802 by the general government, and in 1812, 25,000 dollars were appropriated for erecting buildings and procuring a library and apparatus. The number of cadets is limited to 250. Some of the houses are extremely elegant, built of brown stone and granite in the Gothic style, with arched windows and doors. The village has a very beautiful and picturesque appearance. While taking in our passengers all was confusion as at first starting, but soon the bell rang for the last time, and off we went puffing and blowing as before. Scarcely had we got over this confusion when dinner was announced; and very glad I was of it, for I was as hungry as a vulture, ready to pounce upon any thing in the eating line that came in my way. Well, we

went down in the cabin to dinner; it was beautifully furnished with scarlet velvet, cushioned chairs and sofas, with mirrors from the ceiling to the floor, but these had not half so many charms for me as the dinner table, which literally groaned under its weight. There was every luxury and delicacy of the season. I eat and felt refreshed. After dinner I took my old position again on the promenade deck. I had not been there long, when we arrived at Fishkill Landing. Here was another bustle. The porters and hackmen rushed on board, all anxious to contribute to my comfort for a small remuneration. I got into one of their comfortable vehicles, and was driven to my intended residence for the next few days. My hostess was as kind as possible, doing every thing in her power to make her visiters comfortable. Next morning I strolled out, to take a view of the country, which I think is very beautiful. The warbling of the birds and the foliage of the trees, while the refreshing breeze creeps across the fertile fields, all unite to inspire most holy reflections. The sun had scarcely reached the edge of the horizon, when the farmer went forth to labor for the fruits of the earth. After a delightful walk, I returned to my hotel much

gratified with my ramble. The inhabitants are very neat and orderly. On Sunday it is indeed pleasing to see each one neatly attired, wending his way to the different places of worship. The houses are mostly all frame, painted of a color to suit the taste of the occupants, with small gardens and shrubbery in front. I expect to be back in a few days, and on my return to New-York I intend to give you a more minute description of all I have seen and heard.

WARD SCHOOL, No 10,
Fourth Ward.

NOVEL READING.

BY MARY F. PARKIS.

CHAPTER I.

"FRANCES, my love! go up in my dressing-room and get me the book you will find there; make haste, my dear." The person to whom this was addressed was an interesting looking girl of fourteen, who was so absorbed in the book she was reading as to pay no attention to the request of her mother. She was a tall girl, with light brown ringlets playing about her fair open brow, her complexion, a mixture of the rose and the lily, and a mouth, which, if not quite so small as it might be, revealed a set of pearly teeth, when she spoke or smiled. In short, Frances was a most attractive appearing girl, especially when her countenance was animated.

Her mother was a fine looking woman, upon whose brow old Time had laid his hand but slightly, and whose matronly air proclaimed her to be approaching life's meridian.

There was something in her manner so quiet and systematic, which plainly indicated love of order—indeed, the perfect arrangement of her household, showed that her rule was "a place for every thing, and every thing in its place." But we will now return to the conversation between the mother and her daughter.

"Frances! child, did you hear? or are you so engaged in that book that you can attend to nothing else?" Frances started—"What did you say, mother?" Mrs. Selwyn repeated her request, adding, "I have finished my sewing, and would like to spend the hour before tea in reading." Frances immediately arose, and almost flew up stairs to fulfil her mother's request.

"That novel reading will be the ruin of the girl," said her mother as soon as she had disappeared. "I am sorry I ever allowed her to open one. Novel reading seems to be her greatest pleasure. I would not object to her reading a few of the most select. Scott's are not often disapproved of by any one—but she will read every thing—I really must put a stop to it."

Ah! how much easier it is to say "*I will conquer* a bad habit," than it is to persevere

with hope and courage until the besetting sin is removed.

But Frances came back with her mother's book. "Here it is, dear mother," said she—"I hope I have not kept you waiting long, I could not find it at first." Her mother did not reply for a minute, but looking at her very seriously, she at length said—"Frances, dear! it grieves me very much to see you read so many novels, they completely bewitch you; how can you enjoy such stuff? It is always the same thing; always about some love sick damsel, who, after a most unaccountable series of unhappy and romantic circumstances, finally gets married to the fortunate hero, and they live happily. If you describe one, you describe all."

"But, mother," said Frances, in an expostulatory tone, "why have you changed your opinions on novel reading so suddenly—it is but a few days since I heard you say tha 'Ivanhoe' was really well worth reading. Books are books, dear mother, and novels are novels. I can see but little difference in them."

"Well, Frances," said her mother, "that is the very reason your novel reading gives me so much uneasiness, and until you can discriminate between the good and the bad, I must insist

upon your giving them up altogether; and I hope, my child, you will try to find pleasure in a different course of reading for the future. I wish you to read only such books as I recommend to you." Frances looked up imploringly. "May I finish this one?" "No," was the emphatic reply. She threw the book down passionately—and covering her face with her handkerchief, she sobbed violently.

"My child," began her mother, "I do this for your own good. You have been lately so absorbed in your favorite books, that you have neglected your lessons—your music; every thing has been given up for novel reading. You, no doubt, think me very cruel, but I think it my duty to separate you and your favorites, for some time at least; so dry your eyes, my child, do not make yourself so unhappy—your will this time must be given up to mine."

A loud sob was the only answer she received; so she took up the book which Frances had brought and went on reading.

The silence continued unbroken for about half an hour, except by an occasional sob from Frances, who seeing her tears had no effect, was half inclined to try something else. But her mother was too much engaged to pay attention.

It was not at all uncommon for Frances to pout and cry—and as she sat now thinking how she should manage to bring about a reconciliation without too much condescension on her part, the door opened and her father entered. Mr. Selwyn was a fine looking man, with a sort of air about him that made one feel as if he were an old acquaintance. He had such a quiet kind look, with such a merry bright eye, that one felt quite at home with him after five minutes conversation.

"What's the matter, pet?" said he, as soon as he saw Frances. No answer was returned. "What's the matter with my Fanny?" he continued, as he came towards the sofa. Frances lifted her head as he came towards her, and said, "Why, mother has taken away my book," and then she commenced to cry again. Her father knew not what to say, for he had strongly advised his wife not to allow Frances to spend so much time in reading novels, so he contented himself by saying, "Don't cry, dear, you'll soon get over it." Just then the tea bell rang, so taking hold of his daughter's arm, he gently led her down stairs.

Tea was over, and they returned to the parlor, but the evening passed rather gloomily to

Frances—she did however smile once or twice on her kind father before she bid him "good night."

But let us take a peep at Frances in her own room, and see how she feels about this matter. She has taken a *novel* from her carpet bag and commenced reading it. This was the first time she had ever disobeyed her mother. Did not her conscience reprove her? Did not that little silent monitor whisper, stop, Frances, stop! It is very wrong to disobey your own dear mother, whose greatest happiness is your welfare.

But Frances read on, and quieted herself with the idea that novels were novels, and books were books, and she might as well read the books she liked best, as any others.

Thus the time passed till she was aroused by hearing the clock strike one. Dear me! thought she, how quickly time passes. Who would have thought it! Then she began to muse on the different characters she had been reading of—and there we will leave her to her own meditations.

CHAPTER II.

Several months had passed, during which time Frances had continued to read novels, sit-

ting up late at night, without the knowledge of her parents.

Her health soon began to decline; the rose faded from her cheek, her eye grew dull and spiritless, and in short, her whole appearance was changed. Her parents filled with anxious solicitude for the health of their child, had determined upon sending her in the country for a few weeks. When this intention was made known to Frances, she replied that she did not wish to go. She felt very well, and she did not want to go in the country. It was the most stupid place she ever was in. She was determined not to go. Her mother ceased to persuade her, and she remained in the city.

One morning, after Frances had been reading till midnight, she was aroused from her slumber by the noise of the engines passing along the street, and the cry of fire! fire! She was inclined to go to sleep again, when some one on the opposite side of the street, cried "Fire! fire! turn out! turn out!"

Frances thought it might be their own house on fire; so rising and hastily dressing herself, she went down stairs. As she was about to enter her mother's room, the door opened, and she met her mother coming out. "Frances,

child, what are you doing here—why are you up this time of night?"

"Oh! mother, I am afraid," said the trembling girl. "Where is father? Where is the fire?"

"You had better go to bed again, dear," said her mother. "Your father has gone to see where the fire is, he feared it was in the direction of his store." "You look frightened too, mother," said Frances, "let me stay with you till father comes back."

Mrs. Selwyn had indeed cause for uneasiness; her husband had said to her that evening, that he had neglected during the day to have the insurance of his store and goods renewed—she feared the worst.

The mother and daughter stood for some time, anxiously looking forth, and listening eagerly for Mr. Selwyn's return. At last he came, and their worst fears were confirmed.

Several houses had been burnt to the ground, and Mr. Selwyn's property was all gone. We will pass over the scene which ensued; suffice it to say, that Mrs. Selwyn half forgot her own troubles in trying to comfort her husband.

But what were the feelings of Frances, as she heard her father and mother conversing of their

ruined prospects, and regretting the loss of their fortune most for the sake of their darling child? Did she think of her disobedience to these dear parents with regret? O, yes! bitterly did Frances now lament the time she had wasted in novel reading.

Her father had given her every opportunity to acquire a good education. It had been his most ardent wish to see his daughter an accomplished, well-informed woman; but Frances had neglected these opportunities sadly—and now, when she would gladly have assisted her dear father, she felt that she was his greatest care.

Poor Frances felt dreadfully as she thought of all this, and she resolved that her conduct for the future should make amends for the past. Mr. Selwyn removed with his family to a small house in the upper part of the city, and accepted a situation as book-keeper in a large wholesale store, which had been kindly offered to him by an old friend. Mrs. Selwyn took upon herself the charge of their domestic affairs, and Frances, when she could, cheerfully assisted her mother.

One evening they were all seated round the table, Frances and her mother sewing, and Mr. Selwyn looking over the newspaper. We said Frances was sewing, but for the last few min-

utes she had not taken many stitches, her work had fallen from her hands, and she sat, as if thinking very deeply on some important subject. Suddenly her father looked up from the paper, and seeing his daughter, said, "Frances, what makes you look so serious, dear? What are you thinking about?" "O, papa! said she, I have formed a little plan for myself, but I am almost afraid to tell you. Will you let me go to school again? Give me one trial more, dear papa, and I will try to make up for lost time. There is a school, not very far from where we live, where I can have every advantage without being an additional expense to you. You will let me try, papa, will you not?

Frances had said this so eagerly, in so different a manner from what she generally spoke, that her father and mother both looked at her with surprise. Mr. Selwyn at last said to her, "Well, my dear child, I will grant your request, you may go to this school." Mrs. Selwyn also gave her consent, and Frances felt happier as she laid her head on the pillow that night than she had for a long time.

The next Monday morning Mr. Selwyn took his daughter to Ward School No. 5, where she was received, and entered into the highest class.

She has continued there ever since, and is now one of the best scholars in school. She has kept her resolution, she has labored faithfully to maintain her place, and she is loved and respected by her teachers and schoolmates, and all who know her. I believe she intends qualifying herself for a teacher, and we all hope she may succeed. Mr. and Mrs. Selwyn feel proud of their daughter, and they love her better than ever—and Frances often says, "that giving up novels, and novel reading, was the best thing she ever did."

WARD SCHOOL, No. 5,
Eleventh Ward.

COUNTRY SCHOOL.

BY MISS HANNAH E. CROSBY.

BESIDE an unfrequented road,
The rustic school-house stood,
And just in front, like sentinels,
Two poplars from the wood.

One after one, across the fields,
The tidy children ran,

Ambitious to secure their seats,
Before the school began.

The merry shouts, the ringing laugh,
With music fill'd the place,
A happier group I've seen not since,
Beaming was ev'ry face.

But soon a watchful child proclaim'd
The mistress near at hand;
I never shall forget her face,
Though in a distant land.

As rapidly she press'd the turf,
And cross'd the easy stile,
Amid her charge she stood at last,
And gaz'd on them awhile.

Her glowing cheeks, and rosy lips,
Were radiant with bliss,
Her usual greeting, then I saw,
From one and all a kiss.

PUBLIC SCHOOL, No. 16,
Eleventh Ward.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

BY MISS FRANCES M. BUTLER.

It was night—the bleak wintry winds of December whistled around the Mayflower, as it anchored safely in Plymouth harbor. And as the Pilgrim Fathers landed, they stepped upon a rock, which has ever since been held sacred in the memory of their posterity. Plymouth Rock is ever mentioned with feelings of heartfelt gratitude by the descendants of those bold and enterprising men. They stood on a shore which had no other inhabitants than the untutored Indians, who had ever roamed in freedom over the wild uncultivated tracts of America—slavery's chain had never bound them; their minds, free, unfettered by the laws of civilization, were lost in wonder and amazement when they first gazed on the Mayflower. The child of nature, fearful of approaching the pale face of the East, as he styled them, was seen ever and anon, partly concealed by the noble forest trees, watching with intense interest the appearance of the bark,

and the movements of the strangers. What were the feelings of that Pilgrim who first planted his foot upon the rocky shores of America? Undoubtedly they were those of gratitude to that great Being who had conducted them safely across the tempestuous ocean, mingled with dismay at the prospect of sustaining life amid so many difficulties, for those who landed were few in number, their provision scanty—they were an outcast people. The privations they endured, the hardships they suffered, were no inducement for them to return to their native land. For what did they cross the broad ocean? Was it in search of gold, fame, luxury or happiness? No, it was because they wanted to enjoy that calm, holy religion, which gives life and happiness to all. It was for this they left the land of their birth, and sought the distant shores of America. Although separated from a home endeared to them by a thousand early associations, they murmured not against the hand of Providence. England, their permanent abode, alas, for that country! it was witnessing perilous times, when men were not allowed to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience! It was in pursuit of that liberty of conscience that they came to this wilderness. But let us glance at them in a

more civilized state of society. They had cleared a little spot for their habitation; every year they added more to their dominions, so that gradually the Indian's hunting-grounds were destroyed, and all that remained after the comparatively short period of one century to tell the sad tale, was a few scattered tribes, lamenting the loss of their lovely, romantic homes. Not a vestige of the Indians now remains—their extensive forests have long since disappeared—the war-song of their warriors has long since ceased to be heard—death has hushed them to rest—they fell in the battle-field bravely struggling for that freedom they inherited from their ancestors. When we examine the Indian character, we regard with admiration their bravery, their decision, and firmness of character. The child of the forest knew and acknowledged the European's superiority in every respect, but the wild bounding savage enjoyed a blessing not to be surpassed by any—that blessing was unlimited freedom. They proudly refused to submit to the thraldom and servitude which would have been imposed upon them by the English. At first they were friendly and hospitable, but their kindness was met by cruelty. * * * * Houses, churches, and institutions of learning

have arisen in the place of the habitations of their chiefs and the humble wigwam of the less honored savage. Their memory is buried in oblivion, and few ever bestow a passing thought on their melancholy fate.

PUBLIC SCHOOL, No. 1, Williamsburgh.

THE DYING GIRL.

BY MISS EMILY W. HANCOCK.

'Twas on a bright autumnal day,
That sweetest season of the year;
When on a dying couch, there lay
A child most beautiful and fair.

The glowing tints of sunset sky,
Reflected brightly in the west;
The whispering breeze stole gently by,
As quietly she sank to rest.

Death, with his keenly pointed dart,
Enters, in that serenest hour;
And deeply wounds the mother's heart,
As he strikes that blooming flower.

O! bless the mighty hand Divine,
Which pluck'd that sweetest, loveliest bud;
And took it to a fairer clime,
To live for ever with its God.

PUBLIC SCHOOL, No. 1, Williamsburgh.

MUSIC.

BY BENJAMIN WOOLF.

"The passions oft to hear her shell,
Throng'd around her magic cell."

Music has an existence from the birth of man; and though rough and wild indeed, when compared with the music of the present time, it still had its powers over the passions. Now, when its magic charms and beauties are unfolded by art, its power is more than can be reasonably imagined. Its sounds have been heard in every nation. The dirge of death has brought sorrow and pain to the heart, or more lively sounds have brought joy in gayer moments. The harpers and musicians of feudal times have whispered love in the maiden's ear, by the means of music, or have roused the warrior with more stirring sounds. The most hardened and wayward must, and do yield to its influence. I will relate an anecdote of Alexander the Great, to show the power that music held over him.

"It was at a splendid banquet given by Alex-

ander to his generals. The celebrated flute-player, Timotheus, was present, and Alexander asked him to favor the company with some of his playing. Timotheus took up his flute and began to play some music in the Phrygian or martial mood. Alexander was so much afflicted by the music, that he seized his sword, and threatened to kill any body that came near him, but Timotheus, changing his mood, played a piece in the Lydian or tender mood, the monarch's feelings were changed, and he laid down his sword, and became pacified."

But if we look to the cause of this influence, we must trace it to the mind of man. Music must not be confined to melody or a succession of sounds. There is a music in the numbers of the poet, which awakens every passion to an unusual strength. The poet, like Timotheus, who could so well control the passions of Alexander, can, by his rough and sounding verse, as he describes the noise and tumult of battle, bring to the fancy the numerous actions, as if they were really taking place before us; and with his smooth and tender verses awaken feelings of love or melancholy. Poetry may then be called the music of the mind. As the eye glances along the page of history where is mark-

ed the life of such a man as Napoleon, if it is well written, we think we hear the steady tramp of the soldiery and the charge to meet the opposing foe; at the end of the action we hear the groans of the wounded and dying, subdued yet harsh, rise upon the ear of fancy. Whatever we read produces an impression on the mind almost amounting to feeling. The tale of misfortune may wring from us the silent tear, and the softening notes of sympathy may be heard in the mind. The rough music of the savage war-song urges the Indian to the war-path, and their death-song makes them resigned to their fate. The departure from their happy native hunting-grounds bring to our ear the death-song of a departing nation from the lands they once owned. But from this music of the mind other music arises, and where this is cultivated, its power in softening and cherishing the better feelings is well known. As civilization reaches the goal, we find music, more and more esteemed, and where the finer feelings are fostered by the rise of civilization, we find that the ear not only listens to music, but metaphorically speaking, drinks it, and all this arises from a common love of music.

Ward School, No. 10, Fourth Ward.

HAPPINESS.

BY MISS CAROLINE ODELL.

Happiness is the chief aim of human creatures. It is the foundation upon which they place their hopes and all plans for the future. See the miser, with what a greedy hand he scrapes together a few paltry guineas? Gold may be said to be his chief aim, but it is not so, happiness his aim—without gold he would be wretched indeed. We can see him with our "mind's eye" alone in the "dark watches of the night," feasting his eyes upon his treasures; with what pleasure he looks upon them! He deems *that* happiness, for he knows no other, he knows not the pleasure of a happy household, but would rather eat his crust in a corner, if he could but add to his treasures. Happiness dwelleth in the face of joyous childhood. Who is there that cannot see it in every step of a gladsome child? It is a gift of heaven; without it this world would be a void. Look at those oppressed with sorrow, they are not happy, they have no desire to live;

they may have friends "near and dear" to them, who may try every means in their power to comfort them, but if they cannot make them happy, it is of no avail. A busy mind is a happy one; for an idle one Satan finds employment, and who can be happy in his service? See a peasant returning from his daily labor, and mark how his eye brightens as he nears his home, for he knows there are happy hearts there to welcome him. As a turn in the road perchance brings us in view of his home, we see his happy children waiting with eagerness his return. Hear the shout that arises from the one who is first to perceive him, and leaving all behind them, they rush forward with noisy glee. How happy it is to hear the exclamations that burst from their lips, as they fly, as it were, to meet him! He enjoys his rest better; although his bed be nothing but a blanket, it will seem softer to him than the bed of down to the millionaire, who cannot sleep; for he is revolving in his mind the surest method for preserving his riches. Happiness! thou art heard in the voices of merry children, bursting from the confines of the schoolroom into the open air, and in the notes of the little warblers, tuning their throats at the return of spring. Happiness! thou art a dispenser of

joys throughout the world, and a being lovely to contemplate; may thou, I beseech thee, accompany me wheresoever I go.

PUBLIC SCHOOL, No. 16,
Eleventh Ward.

THE ADVENTURES OF A MOUSE.

BY ISAAC FRANCIS.

"My children," said an old mouse, as she sat, surrounded by her little ones, on a mossy bank, at the close of a pleasant day in June. "My children," she began, "you have long wished me to relate to you some of the many adventures of my youth, and, feeling tolerably comfortable this afternoon, I think I will gratify you. Listen attentively, and be warned by my experience to escape similar errors." The little mice looked very sedate, and their mother began her story.

"My earliest recollections are those of being watched over, with the greatest tenderness, by kind parents, who always provided me with every thing necessary for my comfort and happiness. I tried to repay them for their watchful care

over me, by being as cunning and sly as any little mouse could be. Ah! those were happy days, but they have fled forever Our home was in a snug little corner, under the floor of a place that was called the family sitting room. In this room there was a large pantry, which greatly excited my curiosity, and here, my dear children, let me tell you, that having too much curiosity was one of my greatest faults, it led me into a great many sad scrapes; and I want you always to remember that,

"'Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.'"

Here the little mouse seemed to be quite exhausted, but after a short pause she proceeded.

"My father and mother, and myself, used to have fine sport every evening, running slyly about among the good people's feet, and picking up all sort of crumbs off the carpet, which the children, while sitting at table, had thrown there. Oh! how we used to scamper and run when they tried to catch us. Catch us, indeed! no, no, we were, by far, too nimble for them.

"Well, one night after the family had retired, I was seized with a great desire to know what was in the pantry. I tried to squeeze my head into the key hole, but that would not do; how-

ever I had a very persevering disposition, and I was determined if I could not get in one way, I would try another; I scraped and scraped nearly all night, and my mother, who had come to see what I was doing, insisted that I should not work any more then, as she said I would injure myself by working so hard. The next night I commenced again, harder than ever, and to my great satisfaction, effected an entrance into the pantry. My father and mother were delighted; they thought I had performed a very great feat; we all went through the hole, (one at a time,) and we feasted merrily, on the good things which were laid up there. My father said 'I was the *slyest* little mouse in the world,' and my mother said 'she had always prophesied that I would be an honor to all my relations.'

"Well, we did not look for the crumbs on the carpet the next evening, we thought we would save our appetites for something better.

"At last every thing was quiet, the lights were all out, and we scampered for the pantry as fast as possible; my father went in first, but scarcely had he disappeared when we heard him give a shrill scream, as if he were in great pain. I crept through quickly, but alas! it was all over with my poor father, he had been caught in a

trap, and expired without even giving us his last farewell.

"This was dreadful—my poor mother died soon after of a broken heart—she never reproached me as having been the cause of my father's death—her last words were kind and consoling. Take care of yourself,' she said, 'and oh! my dear child, beware, beware of mouse-traps.' This was her last warning, her parting advice.

"I have passed through many scenes since. I have pilfered and stole whenever I could, but I have never, since the night your grandfather died, entered a pantry without feelings of the deepest remorse.

"Had it not been for my fatal curiosity, I might still have been blessed with kind parents—had it not been for it, I would not have been left to wander alone, for so many years, without the guidance of those who would have warned me of danger, and (if they could) have protected me from injury.

Here the little mouse was so overcome with grief, that it was with great difficulty she proceeded.

"In one of my wanderings I met a mouse who showed me a great deal of kindness and attention, and I became so much attached to him

that we agreed to spend the remainder of our lives together.

"We lived very happily for some time, but one night a cat, who had long been his greatest enemy, caught him, and I need not tell you the rest. I could not bear to witness his last agonies, and thoughts of you, my dear children, who were all then young and helpless, prompted me to take care of myself, by running away as fast as I could.

"I have had a great many very narrow escapes from school-boys, mouse-traps, and cats, but have always saved myself by scampering. And now, my dear children, I must stop; I hope you will profit by my experience, and always be good and dutiful little mice."

The poor little mouse did not live very long after this—she died of old age, and her children, who remembered her advice, lived as long and as happily as little mice generally do.

Ward School, No. 5,
Eleventh Ward.

ON THE DEATH OF A SCHOOL TRUSTEE.

BY MISS F. Z. WENTWORTH.

Lisr, 'tis the knell of death, solemn its tone,
Murmuring sad, softly, slow, a loved one's gone;
Kneel ye, and join the whispered prayer,
And speak with reverence, the *dead* is there.
A golden link from the sweet chain of love
Is loosed on earth, to form the one above.
A thousand bosoms feel themselves bereft—
What mighty spirit's fled from earth, and left
So much of love? One who has filled each heart
With pride and homage, for the noble part
He took amid earth's sons. Have cities bowed,
And as the conquerer passed, proclaimed aloud,
His praise and power?
Has victory won for him a laureled brow;
Or fame's shrill trumpet in its hurried flow,
Sung aught of him, or made his works its theme,
'Till e'en ambition could no longer dream?
Hast thou, Oh genius, in thy upward flight,
Touched with thy wand, and shed resplendent light
Upon his thoughts, and made him soar with thee,
To revel in the soul's immensity?

Or eloquence, hast thou bestowed thy power,
To charm the great, to soothe in sorrow's hour;
Or 'mong a nation's stars, placed high his name
As one whose every thought could touch, inflame,
Bidding the very breezes linger there
To bring the burning words to the list'ning ear?
Who, who this varying, changing world has left,
That thousand bosoms feel themselves bereft?

A Fame was his—but not the Fame of power,
As fleet, as passing as a summer hour;
But true and fixed as the blue arch above,
Living while hearts shall live—the Fame of love,
And fond the bosoms where thy memory rests,
Faithful the love that reigns in Childhood's breast,
Noble indeed thy part, bright'ning the smile
Of happy faces, hearts that know no guile.
Protecting, cherishing each noble thought,
Tendering to all approval, and support,
The infant plants fostering with tender care,
That age may find full many blossoms there.

Such the departed one whose loss we mourn,
Then chide us not that tears and sighs are borne,
Blended with those whose ties are nearer far
Than ours, who humbly watch each wandering star,
And question if his spirit lingers there,
Smiling from Heaven on what on earth was dear,
Still pointing on to Science' glorious sun
Till all its golden radiance shall have won.

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